00046581

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 21 October, 2015

LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

KING LEAR.

"LORD, HIS SLEEP IS BOUND, AND MAY HAVE GOOD EFFECT TO CURE HIS JARRING SENSES"

ACT V. SCENE I.

Drawn by H. Corbould. Pub.d by Longman & C.t 1817. Engraved by S. Hollyer

THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET:

10581
a2

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

2459

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

KING LEAR.
CYMBELINE.
MACBETH.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

LL 12

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

822.08
46581
822.33

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
BEDFORD BURY.

KING LEAR;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

REMARKS.

The story of this Tragedy has been told in many an ancient ballad, and other ingenious works; but Mr Malone supposes, that Shakspeare is more indebted for his fable to "The true Chronicle History of King Lear and his three Daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia," than to any other production.

Camden, in his Remains, gives the following account of an English King, which is also similar to the story of Leir, or Lear:—

"Ina, King of the West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom, upon a time, he demanded, whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all others? The two elder sware deeply they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, that albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst she lived, as much as nature and daughterly duty at the uttermost could expect; yet she did think that one day it would come to pass, that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married."

This relation, the commentator imagines, may probably have been applied to King Lear, who, Geoffrey of Monmouth says, "Nobly governed his country for sixty years, and died about eight hundred years before the birth of Christ."

Notwithstanding the number of histories and books of fiction that have promulgated this piteous tale of a monarch and his children, it remains a doubt among

the most learned on the subject, whether such an event, as here described, ever, in reality, occurred.

But, if it never did before the time of Shakspeare, certainly something very like it has taken place since. Lear is not represented much more affectionate to his daughters by Shakspeare, than James the Second is by Hume. James's daughters were, besides, under more than ordinary obligations to their king and father, for the tenderness he had evinced towards their mother, in raising her from a humble station to the elevation of his own; and thus preserving these two princesses from the probable disgrace of illegitimate birth.

Even to such persons as hold it was right to drive King James from the throne, it must be a subject of lamentation, that his beloved children were the chief instruments of those concerned. When the king was informed that his eldest daughter, Mary, was landed, and proceeding to the metropolis, in order to dethrone him, he called, as the historian relates, for the princess Anne—and called for her by the tender description of his "dear, his only remaining daughter." On the information given to his majesty in return, that "she had forsook the palace to join her sister," the king wept and tore his hair.

Lear, exposed on a bleak heath, suffered not more than James, at one of our sea-ports, trying to escape to France. King Lear was only pelted by a storm, King James by his merciless subjects.

Not one of Shakspeare's plays more violently agitates the passions than this tragedy; parents and chil-

dren are alike interested in every character, and instructed by each. There is, nevertheless, too much of ancient cruelty in many of the events. An audience finds horror prevail over compassion on Gloster's loss of his eyes: and though Dr Johnson has vindicated this frightful incident, by saying, "Shakspeare well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote," yet this argument is no apology for the correctors of Shakspeare, who have altered the drama to gratify spectators more refined, and yet have not expunged this savage and improbable act.

The nice distinction which the author has made between the real and the counterfeit madman in this tragedy, is a part of the work particularly admired by the experienced observers of that fatal disorder; and, to sum up the whole worth of the production, the reader may now say of it, with some degree of qualification, what Tate said before he had employed much time and taste on the alteration: "It is a heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder, that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure."

It is curious and consolatory for a minor critic to observe, how the great commentators on Shakspeare differ in their opinions.

Tate alters the play of King Lear, and instead of suffering the good Cordelia to die of grief, as Shakspeare had done, he rewards her with life, love, and a throne. Addison, in his Spectator, condemns him for this; Dr Johnson commends him for it; both

showing excellent reasons. Then comes Steevens, who gives a better reason than all, why they are all wrong.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY-LANE.	COVENT-GARDEN.
KING LEAR	*Mr Kemble.*	*Mr Cooke.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY	*Mr Dignum.*	*Mr Wilkinson.*
DUKE OF CORNWALL	*Mr C. Kemble.*	*Mr Klanert.*
DUKE OF ALBANY	*Mr Whitfield.*	*Mr Claremont.*
EARL OF KENT	*Mr Aickin.*	*Mr Waddy.*
EARL OF GLOSTER	*Mr Packer.*	*Mr Hull.*
EDGAR	*Mr Wroughton.*	*Mr Siddons.*
EDMUND	*Mr Barrymore.*	*Mr Cory.*
FIRST KNIGHT	*Mr Caulfield.*	*Mr Atkins.*
SECOND DO.	*Mr Phillimore.*	*Mr L. Bologna.*
THIRD DO.	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Harley.*
PHYSICIAN	*Mr Joncs.*	*Mr Davenport.*
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	*Mr Trueman.*	*Mr Jefferies.*
OFFICER	*Mr Cooke.*	
OSWALD	*Mr R. Palmer.*	*Mr Farley.*
HERALD	*Mr Bland.*	*Mr Abbot.*
PAGE TO GONERIL	*Master Chatterley.*	*Mr Evatt.*
PAGE TO REGAN	*Mr Gell.*	*Mr King.*
OLD MAN	*Mr Burton.*	*Mr Simmons.*
EDWARD	*Mr Benson.*	*Mr King.*
FIRST RUFFIAN	*Mr Webb.*	*Mr Wild.*
SECOND DO.	*Mr Evans.*	*Mr Ledger.*
GONERIL	*Mrs Cuyler.*	*Mrs Dibdin.*
REGAN	*Mrs Powell.*	*Mrs St Leger.*
CORDELIA	*Mrs Siddons*	*Miss Murray.*
ARANTHE	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Mrs Edwards.*

KING LEAR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Antichamber in KING LEAR'S *Palace.*

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: why am I then
Deprived of a son's right, because I came not
In the dull road that custom has prescribed?
Why bastard? Wherefore base? when I can boast
A mind as gen'rous, and a shape as true
As honest madam's issue? Why are we
Held base, who, in the lustystealth of nature,
Take fiercer qualities than what compound
The scanted births of the stale marriage-bed?
Well then, legitimate Edgar, to thy right
Of law I will oppose a bastard's cunning.
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to legitimate Edgar; with success
I've practised yet on both their easy natures.—
Here comes the old man, chafed with the information,
Which last I forged against my brother Edgar;
A tale so plausible, so boldly utter'd,
And heighten'd by such lucky accidents,
That now the slightest circumstance confirms him,
And base-born Edmund, spite of law, inherits.

Enter KENT *and* GLOSTER.

Glos. Nay, good my lord, your charity

O'ershoots itself, to plead in his behalf;
You are yourself a father, and may feel
The sting of disobedience from a son
First-born and best-beloved.—O, villain Edgar!
Kent. Be not too rash; all may be forgery,
And time yet clear the duty of your son.
Glost. Plead with the seas, and reason down the winds,
Yet shalt thou ne'er convince me: I have seen
His foul designs through all a father's fondness.
Edm. It works as I could wish; I'll show myself.
Glost. Ha, Edmund! welcome, boy.—O Kent! see here
Inverted nature, Gloster's shame and glory:
This bye-born, the wild sally of my youth,
Pursues me with all filial offices;
Whilst Edgar, begg'd of Heaven, and born in honour,
Draws plagues upon my head, that urge me still
To curse in age the pleasure of my youth.
Nay, weep not, Edmund, for thy brother's crimes.
Oh gen'rous boy! thou shar'st but half his blood,
Yet lov'st beyond the kindness of a brother:
But I'll reward thy virtue. Follow me.
My lord, you wait the king, who comes resolved
To quit the toils of empire, and divide
His realms amongst his daughters. Heav'n succeed it!
But much I fear the change.
Kent. I grieve to see him
With such wild starts of passion hourly seized,
As render majesty beneath itself.
Glost. Alas! 'tis the infirmity of his age:
Yet has his temper ever been unfixt,
Chol'ric, and sudden. [*Flourish of trumpets.*
Hark, they approach.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, KENT, *and* EDMUND.

Enter CORDELIA *and* EDGAR.

Edg. Cordelia, royal fair, turn yet, once more,

And, ere successful Burgundy receive
The treasure of thy beauties from the king,
Ere happy Burgundy for ever fold thee,
Cast back one pitying look on wretched Edgar.
Cord. Alas! what wou'd the wretched Edgar with
The more unfortunate Cordelia,
Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her Edgar's arms to Burgundy's?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets—Drums.

KING LEAR *upon his Throne.*

ALBANY, CORNWALL, BURGUNDY, KENT, GLOSTER, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD, KNIGHTS, PAGES, GENTLEMAN *with the Map*, GENTLEMAN *with the Crown*, LORDS, LADIES, &c. &c. *discovered.*

Lear. Attend my lords of Albany and Cornwall,
With princely Burgundy?
Alb. We do, my liege.
Lear. Give me the map.—Know, lords, we have divided
In three our kingdom, having now resolved
To disengage from our long toil of state,
Conferring all upon your younger years.
You, Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albany,
Long in our court have made your amorous sojourn,

And now are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
Which of you loves us most, that we may place
Our largest bounty with the largest merit.
Goneril, our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I do love you more than words can utter,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare;
Nor liberty, nor sight, health, fame, or beauty,
Are half so dear; my life for you were vile;
As much as child can love the best of fathers.

Lear. Of all these bounds, e'en from this line to this,
With shady forests, and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady; to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Regan, wife to Cornwall?

Reg. My sister, sir, in part, exprest my love;
For such as hers, is mine, though more extended:
Sense has no other joy that I can relish;
I have my all in my dear liege's love.

Lear. Therefore, to thee and thine hereditary,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom.

Cord. Now comes my trial.—How am I distrest,
That must with cold speech tempt the chol'ric king,
Rather to leave me dowerless, than condemn me
To Burgundy's embraces!

Lear. Speak now our last, not least in our dear love,—
So ends my task of state,—Cordelia, speak;
What canst thou say to win a richer third,
Than what thy sisters gain'd?

Cord. Now must my love in words, fall short of theirs,
As much as it exceeds in truth.—Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cord. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cord. Unhappy am I that I can't dissemble:
Sir, as I ought, I love your majesty,

No more, nor less.

Lear. Take heed, Cordelia;
Thy fortunes are at stake; think better on't,
And mend thy speech a little.

Cord. O my liege!
You gave me being, bred me, dearly love me;
And I return my duty as I ought,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they love you all?
Haply when I shall wed, the lord, whose hand
Shall take my plight, will carry half my love;
For I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. And goes thy heart with this?
'Tis said that I am chol'ric. Judge me, gods,
Is there not cause? Now, minion, I perceive
The truth of what has been suggested to us,
Thy fondness for the rebel son of Gloster.——
And, oh! take heed, rash girl, lest we comply
With thy fond wishes, which thou wilt too late
Repent, for know, our nature cannot brook
A child so young and so ungentle.

Cord. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Thy truth then be thy dower;
For, by the sacred sun and solemn night,
I here disclaim all my paternal care,
And, from this minute, hold thee as a stranger
Both to my blood and favour.

Kent. This is phrenzy.
Consider, good my liege—

Lear. Peace, Kent;
Come not between a dragon and his rage.
I loved her most, and in her tender trust
Design'd to have bestow'd mine age at ease.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
My heart from her, and with it all my wealth!
My Lords of Cornwall and of Albany,
I do invest you jointly with full right

In this fair third, Cordelia's forfeit dow'r.
Mark me, my lords, observe our last resolve;
Ourself, attended by an hundred knights,
Will make abode with you in monthly course;
The name alone of king remain with me,
Yours be the execution and revenues.
This is our final will; and, to confirm it,
This coronet part between you.

Kent. [*Kneels.*] Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
And, as my patron, thought on in my pray'rs,——

Lear. Away! the bow is bent, make from the shaft.

Kent. [*Rises.*] No, let it fall, and drench within my heart:
Be Kent unmannerly when Lear is mad;
Thy youngest daughter——

Lear. On thy life, no more.

Kent. What wilt thou do, old man?

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better first.

Lear. Now, by the gods——

Kent. Now, by the gods, rash king, thou swear'st in vain.

Lear. Ha, traitor!

Kent. Do, kill thy physician, Lear;
Strike through my throat; yet, with my latest breath,
I'll thunder in thine ear my just complaint,
And tell thee to thy face, that thou dost ill.

Lear. Hear me, rash man; on thine allegiance hear me:
Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow,
And press'd between our sentence and our pow'r,
Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,
We banish thee for ever from our sight
And kingdom: If, when three days are expired,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death.—Away.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king; since thou art resolved,
I take thee at thy word; I will not stay
To see thy fall. The gods protect thee, maid,
That truly think'st, and hast most justly said.
Thus to old climates my old truth I bear;
Friendship lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*Exit* KENT.

Lear. Now, Burgundy, you see her price is fall'n;
Yet, if the fondness of your passion still
Affect her as she stands, dow'rless, and lost
In our esteem, she's yours; take her, or leave her.

Burg. Pardon me, royal Lear, I but demand
The dow'r yourself proposed, and here I take
Cordelia by the hand, Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by a father's rage,
I tell you all her wealth.
[CORDELIA *throws herself at* LEAR's *Feet.*
Away! away! away! [*Flourish of trumpets, &c.*
[*Exeunt all but* CORDELIA.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Has Heav'n then weigh'd the merit of my love,
Or is it the raving of a sickly thought?
Could Burgundy forego so rich a prize,
And leave her to despairing Edgar's arms?
Have I thy hand, Cordelia? Do I clasp it?
The hand that was this minute to have join'd
My hated rival's? Do I kneel before thee,
And offer at thy feet my panting heart?
Smile, princess, and convince me; for, as yet,
I doubt, and dare not trust the dazzling joy.

Cord. Some comfort yet, that 'twas no vicious blot
That has deprived me of a father's grace;
But merely want of that, that makes me rich
In wanting it; a smooth professing tongue.
O sisters! I am loth to call your fault

As it deserves; but use our father well,
And wrong'd Cordelia never shall repine.
Edg. O heav'nly maid! that art thyself thy dow'r,
Richer in virtue than the stars in light;
If Edgar's humble fortunes may be graced
With thy acceptance, at thy feet he lays them.
Ha! my Cordelia, dost thou turn away?
What have I done t' offend thee?
Cord. Talk'd of love.
Edg. Then I've offended oft; Cordelia too
Has oft permitted me so to offend.
Cord. When, Edgar, I permitted your addresses,
I was the darling daughter of a king;
Nor can I now forget my royal birth,
And live dependent on my lover's fortune;
I cannot to so low a fate submit;
And therefore study to forget your passion,
And trouble me upon this theme no more.
Edg. Thus majesty takes most state in distress.
How are we tost on fortune's fickle flood!
The wave that, with surprising kindness, brought
The dear wreck to my arms, has snatch'd it back,
And left me mourning on the barren shore.
Cord. This baseness of the ignoble Burgundy
Draws just suspicion on the race of men;
His love was int'rest, so may Edgar's be,
And he but with more compliment dissemble;
If so, I shall oblige him by denying;
But, if his love be fix'd, such constant flame
As warms my breast, if such I find his passion,
My heart as grateful to his truth shall be,
And cold Cordelia prove as kind as he.
[*Exit* CORDELIA.

Enter EDMUND, *hastily.*

Edm. Brother, I've found you in a lucky minute;
Fly, and be safe; some villain has incensed
Our father against your life.

Edg. Distress'd Cordelia!—but oh, more cruel!
Edm. Hear me, sir; your life, your life's in danger.
Edg. And yet, perhaps, 'twas but pretended coldness,
To try how far my passion would pursue.
Edm. He hears me not; 'wake, 'wake, sir.
Edg. Say you, brother?——
No tears, good Edmund; if thou bring'st me tidings
To strike me dead, for charity delay not;
That present will befit so kind a hand.
Edm. Your danger, sir, comes on so fast,
That I want time t' inform you; but retire,
Whilst I take care to turn the pressing stream.
O Gods! for Heaven's sake, sir,—
Edg. Pardon me, sir, a serious thought
Had seized me; but I think you talk'd of danger,
And wish'd me to retire.—Must all our vows
End thus?—Friend, I obey you.—O Cordelia!
[*Exit* EDGAR.
Edm. Ha! ha! Fond man! Such credulous honesty
Lessens the glory of my artifice;
His nature is so far from doing wrongs,
That he suspects none: if this letter speed,
And pass for Edgar's, as himself would own
The counterfeit, but for the foul contents,
Then my designs are perfect.——Here comes Gloster.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. Stay, Edmund, turn; what paper were you reading?
Edm. A trifle, sir.
Glost. What needed then that terrible dispatch of it
Into your pocket? Come, produce it, sir.
Edm. A letter from my brother, sir: I had
Just broke the seal, but knew not the contents;

Yet, fearing they might prove to blame,
Endeavour'd to conceal it from your sight.

Glost. This is Edgar's character.

[Reads.] *This policy of fathers is intolerable, that keeps our fortunes from us till age will not suffer us to enjoy them; I am weary of the tyranny. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his possessions, and live beloved of your brother.*

Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy
Half his possessions!—Edgar to write this
'Gainst his indulgent father! Death and hell!
Fly, Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him,
That I may bite the traitor's heart, and fold
His bleeding entrails on my vengeful arm.

Edm. Perhaps 'twas writ, my lord, to prove my virtue.

Glost. These late eclipses of the sun and moon
Can bode no less; love cools, and friendship fails;
In cities mutiny, in countries discord;
The bond of nature crack'd 'twixt son and father.—
Find out the villain, do it carefully,
And it shall lose thee nothing. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Edm. So, now my project's firm; but, to make sure,
I'll throw in one proof more, and that a bold one;
I'll place old Gloster where he shall o'erhear us
Confer of this design; whilst, to his thinking,
Deluded Edgar shall accuse himself.
Be honesty my int'rest, and I can
Be honest too; and what saint so divine,
That will successful villainy decline?

[*Exit* EDMUND.

SCENE III.

The Court before the DUKE OF ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. Now, banish'd Kent, if thou canst pay thy duty,
In this disguise, where thou dost stand condemn'd,
Thy master Lear shall find thee full of labours.

Enter KING LEAR, *attended by his* KNIGHTS.

Lear. In there, and tell our daughter we are here.
[*Exit First* KNIGHT.
Now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess, or wouldst with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve him truly that puts me in trust, to love him that's honest, to converse with him that's wise and speaks little, to fight when I can't chuse, and to eat no fish.

Lear. I say, what art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough.—Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, mar a curious tale in the telling, deliver a plain message bluntly;

that, which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back, forty-eight.

Lear. Thy name?

Kent. Caius.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me.

Enter OSWALD *singing, and passing* KING LEAR *carelessly.*

Now, sir?

Osw. Sir.—*Tol de rol,* &c. [*Exit singing.*

Lear. What says the fellow? call the clodpole back.

[*Exeunt* KENT *and Second* KNIGHT.

3 *Knight.* My lord, I know not; but, methinks, your highness is entertained with slender ceremony.

Lear. Say'st thou so?

Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception.

Enter First KNIGHT.

Why came not that slave back when I call'd him?

1 *Knight.* My lord, he answered, i' th' surliest manner, that he would not.

Lear. I hope our daughter did not so instruct him.

OSWALD *brought in by* KENT *and Second* KNIGHT.

Now, who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! My lord's knave.

[*Strikes him.*

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither, you vile civet-box.

[*Trips up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow, thou serv'st me.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences. [*Exit* OSWALD.

Gon. [*Within.*] By day and night! this is insufferable;
I will not bear it.

Enter GONERIL, *attended.*

Lear. Now, daughter, why that frontlet on?
Speak, does that frown become our presence?
Gon. Sir, this licentious insolence of your servants
Is most unseemly; hourly they break out
In quarrels, bred by their unbounded riots;
I had fair hope, by making this known to you,
To have had a quick redress; but find, too late,
That you protect and countenance their outrage;
And therefore, I take this freedom, which
Necessity makes discreet.
Lear. Are you our daughter?
Gon. Come, sir, let me entreat you to make use
Of your discretion, and put off betimes
This disposition that of late transforms you
From what you rightly are.
Lear. Does any here know me? Why, this is not Lear!
Does Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Your name, fair gentlewoman?
Gon. Come, sir, this admiration's much o' th' savour
Of other your new humours; I beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old, you should be staid and wise:
Here do you keep an hundred knights and squires,
Men so debauch'd and bold, that this our palace
Shows like a riotous inn, a tavern, brothel:
Be then advised by her, that else will take
That which she begs, to lessen your attendants;
Take half away, and see that the remainder

Be such as may befit your age, and know
Themselves and you.
Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses, call my train together.
Degenerate viper!—I'll not stay with thee;
I yet have left a daughter—Serpent! Monster!—
Lessen my train, and call them riotous!
All men approved, of choice and rarest parts,
That each particular of duty know.——
How small, Cordelia, was thy fault!—O Lear,
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Enter ALBANY, *attended.*

Ingrateful duke!—Prepare my horses.—Was this your will?
Who stirs? [*Exit Fourth* KNIGHT.
Alb. What, sir?
Lear. Death! fifty of my followers at a clap?
Alb. The matter, madam?
Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But give his dotage way.
Lear. Blasts upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again I'll pluck ye out,
And cast ye, with the waters that ye lose,
To temper clay.——No, Gorgon;—thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.
Gon. Mark ye that?
Alb. I'm ignorant——
Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
That from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her!—If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel,
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[*Exeunt* KING LEAR *and his* ATTENDANTS—ALBANY, GONERIL, *and their* ATTENDANTS.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The EARL OF GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. The duke comes here to-night; I'll take advantage
Of his arrival to complete my project.—
Brother, a word; come forth! 'tis I, your friend.

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches for you, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
Take the advantage of the night.—Bethink,
Have you not spoke against the Duke of Cornwall,

Something might show you a favourer of
Duke Albany's party?

Edg. Nothing; why ask you?

Edm. Because he's coming here to-night in haste,
And Regan with him.

Edg. Let them come on; I'll stay and clear myself.

Edm. Your innocence at leisure may be heard,
But Gloster's storming rage as yet is deaf,
And you may perish ere allow'd the hearing.
I hear our father coming—Pardon me:—
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well;
Yield: come before my father;—help, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—help, here, help!—farewell, farewell.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Of our more fierce encounter—I have seen
Drunkards do more than this in sport.

[*Stabs himself in the arm.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* SERVANTS.

Glost. Now, Edmund, where's the traitor?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms,—

Glost. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glost. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Sir, he is fled. When by no means he could—

Glost. By no means, what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in full motion,

With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glost. Let him fly far, this kingdom shall not hide him.

The noble duke my patron comes to-night;
By his authority I will proclaim
Rewards for him, that brings him to the stake,
And death for the concealer;
Then of my lands, loyal and natural boy,
I'll work the means to make thee capable. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the EARL OF GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter KENT, *in disguise, and* OSWALD.

Osw. Good morrow, friend: belong'st thou to this house?

Kent. Ask them will answer thee.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Osw. I am in haste; pr'ythee, an' thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. An' I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I'd make thee care for me.

Osw. What dost thou mean? I know thee not.

Kent. But, minion, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. For a base, proud, beggarly, white-livered, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one that would be a pimp in way of good service, and art nothing but a composition of knave, beggar, coward, pander,——

Osw. What a monstrous fellow art thou, to rail at one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. Impudent slave! not know me, who but two days since tripped up thy heels before the king! Draw, miscreant, or I'll make the moon shine through thee.

[*Drawing his sword.*

Osw. What means the fellow? I tell thee, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal. I know your rogueship's office; you come with letters against the king, taking my young lady Vanity's part against her royal father: Draw, rascal.

Osw. Murder! murder! help!

[*Exit* KENT *after him.*

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter DUKE OF CORNWALL, REGAN, CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, *and* ATTENDANTS; GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glost. All welcome to your graces; you do me honour.

Corn. Gloster, we have heard with sorrow, that your life
Has been attempted by your impious son:
But Edmund here has paid you strictest duty.

Glost. He did bewray his practice, and received
The hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glost. He is, my lord.

Reg. Use our authority to apprehend
The traitor, and do justice on his head.
For you, Edmund, that have signalized
Your virtue, you from henceforth shall be ours;
Natures of such firm trust we much shall need.—
A charming youth, and worth my farther thought!
Corn. Lay comfort, noble Gloster, to your breast,
As we to ours. This night be spent in revels.
We chuse you, Gloster, for our host to-night,
A troublesome expression of our love.
On, to the sports before us. [*Noise within.*]—Who are these?

Enter OSWALD, *pursued by* KENT.

Glost. Now, what's the matter?
Corn. Keep peace upon your lives; he dies that strikes.
Whence, and what are ye?
Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the king.
Corn. Your difference? speak.
Osw. I'm scarce in breath, my lord.
Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour.
Nature disclaims the dastard; a tailor made him.
Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?
Osw. Sir, this old ruffian here, whose life I spared
In pity to his beard,——
Kent. Thou essence bottle!
In pity to my beard!—Your leave, my lord,
And I will tread the musk-cat into mortar.
Corn. Know'st thou our presence?
Kent. Yes, sir, but anger has a privilege.
Corn. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
And have no courage; office, and no honesty;
Not frost and fire hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.
Glost. Why dost thou call him knave?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perhaps, does mine, nor his, or hers.
Kent. Plain dealing is my trade; and, to be plain, sir,
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulders now before me.
Reg. This is some fellow, that having once been praised
For bluntness, since affects a saucy rudeness;
But I have known one of these surly knaves,
That in his plainness harbour'd more design
Than twenty cringing complimenting minions.
Corn. What's the offence you gave him?
Osw. Never any, sir;
It pleased the king, his master, lately
To strike me on a slender misconstruction;
Whilst, watching his advantage, this old lurcher
Tripp'd me behind, for which the king extoll'd him;
And, flush'd with the honour of this bold exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Corn. Bring forth the stocks; we'll teach you.
Kent. Sir, I'm too old to learn;
Call not the stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You'll show too small respect, and too bold malice
Against the person of my royal master,
Stocking his messenger.
[ATTENDANTS *bring forth the stocks.*
Corn. Bring forth the stocks; as I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.
[ATTENDANTS *seize* KENT.
Reg. Till noon, my lord! Till night, and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You would not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[ATTENDANTS *put* KENT *into the stocks.*
Glost. Let me beseech your graces to forbear him;

His fault is much, and the good king, his master,
Will check him for't; but needs must take it ill
To be thus slighted in his messenger.
Corn. We'll answer that;
Our sister may receive it worse to have
Her gentleman assaulted. To our business, lead.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER *into the castle.*
Glost. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition will not be controll'd;
But I'll entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray do not, sir.——
I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Sometime I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
Farewell t' ye, sir. [*Exit* GLOSTER *into the castle.*
Good king, that must approve the common saw!
Thou out of Heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
I feel the drowsy guest steal on me; take
Advantage, heavy eyes, of this kind slumber,
Not to behold this vile and shameful lodging.
[*Sleeps.*

SCENE III.

A Forest.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd,
And by the friendly hollow of a tree,
Escaped the hunt. No port is free, no place,
Where guards and most unusual vigilance
Do not attend to take me.——How easy now
'Twere to defeat the malice of my trial,
And leave my griefs on my sword's reeking point;
But love detains me from death's peaceful cell,
Still whispering me, Cordelia's in distress:

Unkind as she is, I cannot see her wretched,
But must be near to wait upon her fortune.
Who knows but the blest minute yet may come,
When Edgar may do service to Cordelia?
That charming hope still ties me to the oar
Of painful life, and makes me to submit
To th' humblest shifts to keep that life afoot.
My face I will besmear, and knit my locks;
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, iron spikes, thorns, sprigs of rosemary;
And thus from sheep cotes, villages and mills,
Sometimes with pray'rs, sometimes with lunatic bans,
Enforce their charity. Poor Tyrtigood! poor Tom!
That's something yet. Edgar I am no more. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before the EARL OF GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

KENT *discovered, in the Stocks still.*

Enter KING LEAR *and his* KNIGHTS.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back our messenger.

Kent. Hail, noble master!

Lear. How, mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
What's he that has so much mistook thy place,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she, sir; your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. They durst not do't.—
They could not, would not do't.—
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou may'st deserve, or they impose this usage.
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was ris'n, arrived another post,
Stew'd in his haste, breathless and panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;
Whose message being deliver'd, they took horse,
Commanding me, to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; which I did:
But meeting here that other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceived had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Had shown such rudeness to your highness, I,
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
On which he raised the house with coward cries:—
This was the trespass, which your son and daughter
Thought worth the shame you see it suffer here.
Lear. Oh! this spleen swells upwards to my heart,
And heaves for passage!—Down, thou climbing rage,
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Enter GLOSTER, *from the Castle.*

Kent. Within, sir, at a masque.
Lear. Now, Gloster?—Ha!
[GLOSTER *whispers* LEAR.
Deny to speak with me? Th' are sick, th' are weary,
They've travell'd hard to-night——Mere fetches, sir,
Bring me a better answer.
Glost. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke.
Lear. Vengeance! death! plague! confusion!
Fiery?—What quality?——Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glost. I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them! dost thou understand me, man?
I tell thee, Gloster,——
Glost. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? The fiery duke? Tell the hot duke,——
No, but not yet; may be he is not well;
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
I beg his pardon, and I'll chide my rashness,
That took the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man.—But wherefore sits he there?
Death on my state! this act convinces me
That this retiredness of the duke and her
Is plain contempt.—Give me my servant forth.—
Go, tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with 'em,
Now, instantly.——Bid 'em come forth and hear me;
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, sleep to death.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, CAPTAIN *of the* GUARDS, *and* ATTENDANTS, *from the Castle.*

Oh! are you come?
Corn. Health to the king!
Reg. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what cause
I have to think so. Shouldst thou not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—
Beloved Regan, thou wilt shake to hear
What I shall utter;—thou cou'd'st ne'er ha' thought it;
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she has tied
Ingratitude like a keen vulture here;

I scarce can speak to thee.

[KENT *is set at liberty by the* ATTENDANTS.

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope
That you know less to value her desert,
Than she to slack her duty.

Lear. Ha! How's that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail in her respects; but if, perchance,
She has restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such grounds, and to such wholesome ends,
As clear her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you're old,
And should content you to be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself; therefore, good sir,
Return to our sister, and say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ha! ask her forgiveness!
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more of these unsightly passions;
Return back to our sister.

Lear. Never, Regan;
She hath abated me of half my train,
Look'd black upon me, stabb'd me with her tongue:
All the stored vengeances of Heav'n fall
On her ingrateful head! Strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameness!—

Reg. O the blest gods! thus will you wish on me,
When the rash mood——

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender nature cannot give thee o'er
To such impiety; thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
And dues of gratitude; thou bear'st in mind
The half o' th' kingdom, which our love conferr'd
On thee and thine.

Reg. Good sir, to th' purpose.
Lear. Who put my man i' th' stocks?
[*Trumpet sounds.*
Corn. What trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my sister's; this confirms her letters.

Enter OSWALD.

Sir, is your lady come?
Lear. More torture still!
Out, varlet, from my sight! [*Strikes* OSWALD.
Corn. What means your grace!
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have hope
Thou didst not know it. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter GONERIL *and* ATTENDANTS.

Who comes here? Oh, Heav'ns!
If you do love old men; if your sweet sway
Allow obedience; if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!
Why, Gorgon, dost thou come to haunt me here?
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
Darkness upon my eyes, they play me false!
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. Heart, thou art too tough!
Reg. I pray you, sir, being old, confess you are so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return, and sojourn with our sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
That shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return with her, and fifty knights dismiss'd?
No, rather I'll abjure all roofs, and chuse
To be companion to the midnight wolf,

My naked head exposed to th' merciless air,
Than have my smallest wants supply'd by her.
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. Now, I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad!
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer strike,
Nor tell tales of thee to avenging Heaven.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure;—
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.
Reg. Your pardon, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome.
Lear. Is this well spoken, now?
Reg. My sister treats you fair. What! fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those whom she calls servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chance to slack you,
We could control them.—If you come to me,
For now I see the danger, I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place.
Lear. I gave you all!
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Hold, now, my temper! stand this bolt unmoved,
And I am thunder-proof.
The wicked, when compared with the more wicked,
Seem beautiful; and not to be the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise. Now, Goneril,
Thou art innocent again, I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet does double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord. [*It begins to rain.*
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command t' attend you?

Reg. What need one? [*Distant thunder.*

Lear. Heav'ns drop your patience down!
You see me here, ye gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both!——
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely! touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheek!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth.—You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.— [*Rain—Thunder—Lightning.*
O, gods, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* KING LEAR, KENT, *and the* KNIGHTS—CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, GLOSTER, OSWALD, CAPTAIN *of the* GUARDS, *and* ATTENDANTS, *into the Castle.*

ACT THD THIRD.

SCENE I.

A desert Heath.—Rain—Thunder—Lightning.

Enter KING LEAR *and* KENT.

Lear. Blow, winds, and burst your cheeks! rage louder yet!
Fantastic lightning, singe, singe my white head!
Spout cataracts, and hurricanoes fall,
Till you have drown'd the towns and palaces
Of proud, ingrateful man!

Kent. Not all my best entreaties can persuade him
Into some needful shelter, or to 'bide
This poor slight cov'ring on his aged head,
Exposed to this wild war of earth and heav'n.
[*Thunder.*

Lear. Rumble thy fill! fight whirlwind, rain and fire!
Not fire, wind, rain, or thunder, are my daughters:
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness:
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;
You owe me no obedience.—Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure!—Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.—
[*Rain—Thunder—Lightning.*
Yet I will call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battle 'gainst a head

So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Kent. Hard by, sir, is a hovel, that will lend
Some shelter from this tempest.

Lear. I will forget my nature. What! so kind a father!— [*Rain—Thunder—Lightning.*
Ay, there's the point.

Kent. Consider, good my liege, things, that love night,
Love not such nights as this; these wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: such drenching rain,
Such sheets of fire, such claps of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring winds, have ne'er been known.
[*Thunder.*

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undiscover'd crimes!—
Hide, hide, thou murd'rer, hide thy bloody hand!—
Thou perjur'd villain, holy hypocrite,
That drink'st the widow's tears, sigh now, and ask
These dreadful summoners' grace!——I am a man
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Good sir, to th' hovel.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.——
Come on, my boy; how dost, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myself; show me this straw, my fellow;
The art of our necessity is strange,
And can make vile things precious.—My poor knave,
Cold as I am at heart, I've one place there
That's sorry yet for thee.
[*Rain—Thunder—Lightning:—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. The storm is in our louder rev'lings drown'd.
Thus would I reign, could I but mount a throne.
The riots of these proud imperial sisters
Already have imposed the galling yoke
Of taxes, and hard impositions, on
The drudging peasant's neck, who bellows out
His loud complaints in vain.—Triumphant queens!
With what assurance do they tread the crowd!
Oh! for a taste of such majestic beauty,
Which none but my hot veins are fit t' engage!
Nor are my wishes desp'rate; for ev'n now,
During the banquet, I observed their glances
Shot thick at me; and, as they left the room,
Each cast, by stealth, a kind inviting smile,
The happy earnest——ha!

Two PAGES, *from several Entrances, deliver him each a Letter, and exeunt.*

[Reads.] *Where merit is so transparent, not to behold it were blindness, and not to reward it, ingratitude.*
GONERIL.

Enough! blind and ungrateful should I be,
Not to obey the summons of this oracle.
Now for the second letter.

[Reads.] *If modesty be not your enemy, doubt not to find your friend.*
REGAN.

Excellent sybil! O my glowing blood!
I am already sick of expectation,
And pant for the possession.——Here Gloster comes,
With business on his brow; be hush'd, my joys.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glost. I come to seek thee, Edmund, to impart a business of importance. I know thy loyal heart is touched to see the cruelty of these ungrateful daughters against our royal master.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glost. This change in the state sits uneasy. The commons repine aloud at their female tyrants; already they cry out for the re-instalment of their good old king, whose injuries, I fear, will inflame them into mutiny.

Edm. 'Tis to be hoped, not fear'd.

Glost. Thou hast it, boy; 'tis to be hoped indeed. On me they cast their eyes, and hourly court me To lead them on; and, whilst this head is mine, I'm theirs. A little covert craft, my boy, And then for open action; 'twill be employment Worthy such honest daring souls as thine. Thou, Edmund, art my trusty emissary, Haste on the spur, at the first break of day, With these dispatches to the duke of Cambray.

[*Gives him letters.*

You know what mortal feuds have always flamed Between this Duke of Cornwall's family and his; Full twenty thousand mountaineers Th' inveterate prince will send to our assistance. Dispatch; commend us to his grace, and prosper.

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Edm. Yes, credulous old man,
I will commend you to his grace,
His grace the Duke of Cornwall:——instantly
I'll show him these contents in thy own character,
And seal'd with thy own signet; then forthwith

The chol'ric duke gives sentence on thy life;
And to my hand thy vast revenues fall,
To glut my pleasures, that till now have starved.
[*Retires.*

GLOSTER *returns, followed by* CORDELIA *and* ARANTHE, *poorly dressed;*—EDMUND *observing at a distance.*

Cord. Turn, Gloster, turn; by all the sacred pow'rs,
I do conjure you give my griefs a hearing: [*Kneels.*
You must, you shall, nay, I am sure you will;
For you were always styled the just and good.
Glost. What wouldst thou, princess? Rise, and speak thy griefs.
Cord. Nay, you shall promise to redress them too,
Or here I'll kneel for ever. I entreat
Thy succour for a father, and a king;
An injured father and an injured king.
Edm. O charming sorrow! How her tears adorn her!
Glost. Consider, princess, [*Raises her.*
For whom thou begg'st, 'tis for the king that wrong'd thee.
Cord. O name not that; he did not, could not, wrong me.
Nay, muse not, Gloster; for it is too likely
This injured king ere this is past your aid,
And gone distracted with his savage wrongs.
Edm. I'll gaze no more;——and yet my eyes are charm'd.
Cord. Or, what if it be worse?—Can there be worse?
Ah, 'tis too probable, this furious night
Has pierced his tender body; the bleak winds
And cold rain chill'd, or lightning struck him dead;
If it be so, your promise is discharged,
And I have only one poor boon to beg;

That you'd convey me to his breathless trunk,
With my torn robes to wrap his hoary head,
With my torn hair to bind his hands and feet,
Then with a shower of tears
To wash his clay-smear'd cheeks, and die beside him.

Glost. Oh, fair Cordelia, thou hast piety
Enough t'atone for both thy sisters' crimes:
I have already plotted to restore
My injured master, and thy virtue tells me
We shall succeed, and suddenly. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Cord. Dispatch, Aranthe;
For in this disguise, we'll instantly
Go seek the king, and bring him some relief.

Aran. How, madam! are you ignorant
That your most impious sisters have decreed
Immediate death for any that relieve him?

Cord. I cannot dread the furies in this case.

Aran. In such a night as this! Consider, madam,
For many miles about there's scarce a bush
To shelter in.

Cord. Therefore no shelter for the king,
And more our charity to find him out.
What have not women dared for vicious love!
And we'll be shining proofs that they can dare
For piety as much. [*Thunder.*
Blow, winds, and lightnings fall;
Bold in my virgin innocence I'll fly,
My royal father to relieve, or die.
[*Exeunt* CORDELIA *and* ARANTHE.

Edm. In this disguise, we'll instantly
Go seek the king!——Ha! ha! a lucky change:
That virtue, which I fear'd would be my hind'rance,
Has proved the bawd to my design.
I'll bribe two ruffians shall at distance follow,
And seize them in some desert place; and there,
Whilst one retains her, t'other shall return
T'inform me where she's lodged: I'll be disguised too,
Whilst they are poaching for me, I'll to the duke

With these dispatches; then to the field,
Where, like the vig'rous Jove, I will enjoy
This Semele in a storm; 'twill deaf her cries,
Like drums in battle, lest her groans should pierce
My pitying ear, and make the am'rous fight less fierce.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Heath,—Rain—Thunder—Lightning.

Enter KING LEAR *and* KENT.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of this open night's too rough
For nature to endure.
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I'd rather break mine own.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. The tempest in my mind
Does from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?——But I'll punish home!
No, I will weep no more. [*Rain—Thunder—Lightning.*
In such a night

To shut me out!——Pour on, I will endure——
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all——
Oh, that way madness lies! let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. See, my lord, here's the entrance.

Lear. Well, I'll go in,
And pass it all: I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
[*Thunder.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Sustain this shock? your raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st cast the superflux to them,
And show the heav'ns more just!

Edg. [*In the Hovel.*] Five fathom and a half.—Poor Tom!

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR *disguised.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me—Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind——Mum, go to thy bed and warm thee——Ha! what do I see?
By all my griefs, the poor old king bare-headed,
And drench'd in this foul storm! Professing syrens,
Are all your protestations come to this?

Lear. Tell me, fellow, didst thou give all to thy two daughters?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom, whom the foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, through bushes and bogs? that has laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; that has made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over

four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor?——Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. Sa, sa; there I could have him now, and there, and there again.

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Kent. He has no daughter, sir.

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat upon pillicock hill; hallo, hallo, hallo.

Lear. Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have such little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Take heed of the foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. [*Wind and Rain*] Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud of heart; that curl'd my hair; used perfume and washes; that served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spoke words; and broke them all in the sweet face of Heaven: Let not the paint, nor the patch, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman; keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from creditors' books, and defy the foul fiend. [*Wind and Rain.*] Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.—Ha, no nonny, dolphin, my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

Lear. Death! thou wert better in thy grave, than thus to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity

of the sky. Yet consider him well, and man's no more than this; thou art indebted to the worm for no silk, to the beast for no hide, to the cat for no perfume.—Ha! here's two of us are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more than such a poor, bare, forked, animal as thou art.
Off, off, ye vain disguises, empty lendings,
I'll be my original self: quick, quick, uncase me.

Kent. Defend his wits, good Heaven!

Lear. One point I had forgot; what is your name?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the wall-newt and the water-newt; that, in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow dung for sallads, swallows the old rat and the ditch dog; that drinks the green mantle off the standing pool; that's whipt from tything to tything; that has three suits to his back, six shirts to his body;

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;
But rats and mice, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware, my follower; peace, Smolkin, peace, thou foul fiend!

Lear. One word more, but be sure true counsel; tell me, is a madman a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Kent. I fear'd 'twould come to this; his wits are gone.

Edm. Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Lear. Right, ha! ha!—was it not pleasant to have a thousand with red-hot spits come hissing in upon them?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at 'em: 'vaunt ye curs!

Be thy mouth or black, or white,
Tooth that poisons, if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mungrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym,
Bob-tail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make 'em weep and wail;
For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.—See, see, see.

Come, march to wakes, and fairs, and market towns. ——Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments; you'll say they're Persian; but no matter, let 'em be changed.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin; knits the elflock; squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth.

Enter GLOSTER.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the nightmare and her nine fold,
'Twas there he did appoint her;
He bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroint the witch, aroint her.

Glost. What, has your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he is called, and Mahu.

Glost. Go with me, sir; hard by I have a tenant. My duty cannot suffer me to obey in all your daughters' hard commands: though their injunctions be to

bar my doors, and let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, yet I have ventured to come seek you out, and bring you where both fire and food are ready.

Kent. Good my lord, take this offer.

Lear. First, let me talk with this philosopher. Say, Stagyrite, what is the cause of thunder?

Glost. Beseech you, sir, go with me.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you a word in private.

Kent. His wits are quite unsettled; good sir, let's force him hence.

Glost. Canst blame him? His daughters seek his death.

This bedlam but disturbs him the more; fellow, be gone.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.—O, torture!

[*Exit* EDGAR *into the Hovel.*

Glost. Now, I pr'ythee, friend, let's take him in our arms;

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection.

[illegible] sir, along with us.

Lear. You say right; let 'em anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature for these hard hearts?

Kent. I beseech your grace,—

Lear. Hist!—make no noise, make no noise;—draw the curtain closer, closer:—so, so, so,—we'll go to supper i' the morning,—so, so, so.

[KING LEAR *falls asleep, and is carried off by* GLOSTER *and* KENT.—*Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter CORDELIA *and* ARANTHE.

Aran. Dear madam, rest you here, our search is vain;
Look here's a shed: 'beseech you, enter here.
Cord. Pr'ythee, go in thyself, seek thy own ease;
Where the mind's free, the body's delicate;
This tempest but diverts me from the thought
Of what would hurt me more.

Enter Two RUFFIANS.

1 *Ruff.* We've dogg'd them far enough; this place is private; I'll keep them prisoners here within this hovel, whilst you return, and bring Lord Edmund hither: but help me first to house them.—Now, dispatch. [*They seize* CORDELIA *and* ARANTHE.
Cord. Help!—murder!—help!—Gods, some kind thunderbolt
To strike me dead!
Aran. Help! help!

Enter EDGAR, *from the Hovel.*

Edg. What cry was that?—Ha! women seiz'd by ruffians!
Is this a time and place for villainy?
Avaunt, ye bloodhounds!
[*Drives them off with his Quarter-staff.*
O, speak, what are ye, that appear to be
O' th' tender sex, and yet unguarded wander
Through the dead mazes of this dreadful night,
Where, though at full, the clouded moon scarce darts
Imperfect glimmerings?
Cord. First, say, what art thou?
Our guardian angel, that were pleased to assume
That horrid shape to fright the ravishers?
We'll kneel to thee.
Edg. O, my tumultuous blood!
By all my trembling veins, Cordelia's voice!

'Tis she herself!—My senses, sure, conform
To my wild garb, and I am mad indeed.

Cord. Whate'er thou art, befriend a wretched virgin,
And, if thou canst, direct our weary search.

Edg. Who relieves poor Tom, that sleeps on the nettle, with the hedgehog for his pillow?

Whilst Snug ply'd the bellows,
She truck'd with her fellows;
The freckle-faced Mab
Was a blouze and a drab,
Yet Swithin made Oberon jealous.—O, torture!

Aran. Alack, madam! a poor wand'ring lunatic.

Cord. And yet his language seem'd but now, well temper'd.
Speak, friend, to one more wretched than thyself;
And if thou hast one interval of sense,
Inform us, if thou canst, where we may find
A poor old man, who through this heath hath stray'd
The tedious night.—Speak, saw'st thou such a one?

Edg. The king, her father, whom she's come to seek
Through all the terrors of this night; O Gods!
That such amazing piety, such tenderness,
Should yet to me be cruel!——
Yes, fair one, such a one was lately here,
And is convey'd by some that came to seek him
To a neighbouring cottage, but distinctly where
I know not.

Cord. Blessings on them!
Let's find him out, Aranthe; for thou seest
We are in Heaven's protection. [*Going off.*

Edg. O, Cordelia!

Cord. Ha!——Thou know'st my name?

Edg. As you did once know Edgar's.

Cord. Edgar!

Edg. The poor remains of Edgar, what
Your scorn has left him.

Cord. Do we wake, Aranthe?

Edg. My father seeks my life: which I preserved,
In hope of some blest minute to oblige
Distrest Cordelia, and the gods have given it;
That thought alone prevail'd with me to take
This frantic dress, to make the earth my bed,
With these bare limbs all change of seasons 'bide,
Noon's scorching heat, and midnight's piercing cold,
To feed on offals, and to drink with herds,
To combat with the winds, and be the sport
Of clowns, or what's more wretched yet, their pity.

Cord. Was ever tale so full of misery!

Edg. But such a fall as this, I grant, was due
To my aspiring love; for, 'twas presumptuous,
Though not presumptuously pursued;
For, well you know, I wore my flame conceal'd,
And silent, as the lamps that burn in tombs;
Till you perceived my grief, with modest grace
Drew forth the secret, and then seal'd my pardon.

Cord. You had your pardon, nor can you challenge more.

Edg. What do I challenge more?
Such vanity agrees not with these rags:
When in my prosp'rous state, rich Gloster's heir,
You silenced my pretences, and enjoin'd me
To trouble you upon that theme no more;
Then what reception must love's language find
From these bare limbs, and beggar's humble weeds?

Cord. Such as a voice of pardon to a wretch condemn'd;
Such as the shouts
Of succouring forces to a town besieged.

Edg. Ah! what new method now of cruelty?

Cord. Come to my arms, thou dearest, best of men
And take the kindest vows that e'er were spoke
By a protesting maid.

Edg. Is't possible?

Cord. By the dear vital stream that bathes my heart,
These hallow'd rags of thine, and naked virtue,
These abject tassels, these fantastic shreds,
To me are dearer than the richest pomp
Of purpled monarchs.
Edg. Generous, charming maid!
The gods alone, that made, can rate thy worth!
This most amazing excellence shall be
Fame's triumph in succeeding ages, when
Thy bright example shall adorn the scene,
And teach the world perfection.
Cord. Cold and weary,
We'll rest awhile, Aranthe, on that straw,
Then forward to find out the poor old king.
Edg. Look, I have flint and steel, the implements
Of wand'ring lunatics; I'll strike a light,
And make a fire beneath this shed, to dry
Thy storm-drench'd garments, ere thou lie to rest thee:
Then, fierce and wakeful as th' Hesperian dragon,
I'll watch beside thee, to protect thy sleep:
Meanwhile the stars shall dart their kindest beams,
And angels visit my Cordelia's dreams. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the EARL OF GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter the DUKE OF CORNWALL, REGAN, EDMUND, EDWARD, *and* SERVANTS.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Regan, see here, a plot upon our state;
'Tis Gloster's character, that has betray'd
His double trust, of subject and of host.
Reg. Then double be our vengeance; this confirms
Th' intelligence that we but now received,
That he has been this night to seek the king.
But who, sir, was the kind discoverer?
Corn. Our eagle, quick to spy, and fierce to seize,
Our trusty Edmund.
Reg. 'Twas a noble service:
O Cornwall, take him to thy deepest trust,
And wear him as a jewel at thy heart.
Edm. Think, sir, how hard a fortune I sustain,
That makes me thus repent of serving you.
O, that this treason had not been, or I
Not the discoverer!
Corn. Edmund, thou shalt find
A father in our love, and from this minute
We call thee Earl of Gloster; but there yet
Remains another justice to be done,
And that's to punish this discarded traitor;
But lest thy tender nature should relent
At his just sufferings, nor brook the sight,
We wish thee to withdraw.
Reg. The grotto, sir, within the lower grove,
Has privacy, to suit a mourner's thought.
Edm. And there I may expect a comforter—
Ha, madam?
Reg. What may happen, sir, I know not;
But 'twas a friend's advice. [*Exit* EDMUND.
Corn. Bring in the traitor.

Enter GLOSTER, *brought in by Two* SERVANTS.

Bind fast his arms.
Glost. What mean your graces?
You are my guests; pray, do me no foul play.
Corn. Bind him, I say, hard, harder yet.

6582
6581

Reg. Now, traitor, thou shalt find——
Corn. Speak, rebel, where hast thou sent the king?
Whom, spite of our decree, thou saved'st last night.
Glost. I'm tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Say where, and why, thou hast concealed him?
Glost. Because I would not see thy cruel hands
Tear out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
Carve his anointed flesh; but I shall see
The swift-wing'd vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See't thou shalt never; slaves, perform your work; [*The* SERVANTS *take* GLOSTER *out.*
Out with those treacherous eyes; dispatch, I say.
Glost. [*Within.*] He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help.——O, cruel! oh, ye gods!
Edw. Hold, hold, my lord, I bar your cruelty;
I cannot love your safety, and give way
To such inhuman practice.
Corn. Ah, my villain!
Edw. I have been your servant from my infancy;
But better service have I never done you,
Than with this boldness.
Corn. Take thy death, slave. [*Stabs* EDWARD.
Edw. Nay, then revenge, whilst yet my blood is warm!
[*Draws his Sword, runs* CORNWALL *through the Body, and is carried off, dying.*
Reg. Help here,——are you not hurt, my lord?
Glost. [*Within.*] Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain,
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That broach'd thy treason, show'd us thy dispatches;
There—read, and save the Cambrian prince the la-
bour. [*Throws the Letters out to him.*

Glost. [*Within.*] O my folly!
Then Edgar was abused; kind gods, forgive me that!
Reg. How is't, my lord?
Corn. Turn out that eyeless villain, let him smell
His way to Cambray; throw this slave upon a dung-hill.
Regan, I bleed apace; give me your arm.
[*Exeunt* REGAN *and* CORNWALL, *supported by his* SERVANTS.

SCENE II.

The open Country.

Enter EDGAR, *in disguise.*

Edg. The lowest and most abject thing of fortune
Stands still in hope, and is secure from fear.
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to better.——Who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an* OLD MAN.

My father poorly led! deprived of sight!
The precious stones torn from their bleeding rings!
When will the measure of my woes be full?
Old M. O, my good lord! I have been your tenant,
And your father's tenant, these fourscore years.
Glost. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Old M. You cannot see your way.
Glost. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: O, dear son, Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath,

Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again.
Edg. Alas! he's sensible that I was wrong'd,
And, should I own myself, his tender heart
Would break betwixt the extremes of grief and joy.
Old M. How now! who's there?
Edg. A charity for poor Tom.—Play fair, and defy the foul fiend.—
O gods! And must I still pursue this trade,
Trifling beneath such loads of misery?
Old M. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Glost. In the late storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm.
Where is the lunatic?
Old M. Here, my lord.
Glost. Get thee now away: if for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or two,
I' th' way to Dover, do't for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked wretch,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.
Old M. Alack, my lord, he's mad.
Glost. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee.
Old M. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit* OLD MAN.
Glost. Sirrah! naked fellow!
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot fool it longer,
And yet I must——Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed;
Believe't, poor Tom e'en weeps his blind to see 'em.
Glost. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor Tom has been scared out of his good wits.
Bless every true man's son from the foul fiend.
Glost. Here, take this purse; that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. Heav'n deal so still;
Thus let the griping usurer's hoard be scatter'd,
So distribution shall undo excess,

And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glost. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks dreadfully down on the roaring deep;
Bring me but to the very brink of it,
And I'll repair the poverty thou bear'st
With something rich about me.—From that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm; poor Tom shall guide thee.

Glost. Soft! for I hear the tread of passengers.

Enter KENT *and* CORDELIA.

Cord. Ah me! Your fear's too true, it was the king;
I spoke but even now with some that met him,
As mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With berries, burdocks, violets, daisies, poppies,
And all the idle flowers that grow
In our sustaining corn: Conduct me to him,
To prove my last endeavours to restore him,
And Heav'n so prosper thee!

Kent. I will, good lady.
Ha! Gloster here!—Turn, poor dark man, and hear
A friend's condolement, who, at sight of thine,
Forgets his own distress; thy old true Kent.

Glost. How! Kent? From whence return'd?

Kent. I have not since my banishment been absent,
But in disguise follow'd th' abandon'd king:
'Twas me thou saw'st with him in the late storm.

Glost. Let me embrace thee; had I eyes, I now
Should weep for joy; but let this trickling blood
Suffice instead of tears.

Cord. O, misery!
To whom shall I complain, or in what language?
Forgive, O wretched man, the piety

That brought thee to this pass; 'twas I that caused it;
I cast me at thy feet, and beg of thee
To crush these weeping eyes to equal darkness,
If that will give thee any recompense.
Edg. Was ever season so distrest as this? [*Aside.*
Glost. I think Cordelia's voice; rise, pious princess,
And take a dark man's blessing.
Cord. O, my Edgar!
My virtue's now grown guilty, works the bane
Of those that do befriend me: Heaven forsakes me;
And, when you look that way, it is but just
That you should hate me too.
Edg. O, wave this cutting speech, and spare to wound
A heart that's on the rack.
Glost. No longer cloud thee, Kent, in that disguise;
There's business for thee, and of noblest weight;
Our injured country is at length in arms,
Urged by the king's inhuman wrongs and mine,
And only want a chief to lead them on;
That task be thine.
Edg. Brave Britons! then there's life in't yet. [*Aside.*
Kent. Then have we one cast for our fortune still,
Come, princess, I'll bestow you with the king,
Then on the spur to head these forces.
Farewell, good Gloster; to our conduct trust.
Glost. And be your course as prosp'rous, as 'tis just. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

GONERIL'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* OSWALD.

Gon. It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity to his misery, to dispatch him.

Osw. No, madam, he's return'd on speedy summons
Back to your sister.

Gon. Ah! I like not that;
Such speed must have the wings of love. Where's Albany?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed;
I told him of the uproar of the peasants,
He smiled at it; when I inform'd him
Of Gloster's treason——

Gon. Trouble him no farther;
It is his coward spirit. Back to our sister,
Hasten her musters, and let her know,
I have given the distaff into my husband's hands;
That done, with special care deliver these dispatches
In private to young Gloster.

Enter CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD.

Cap. O, madam, most unseasonable news!
The Duke of Cornwall's dead of his late wound,
Whose loss your sister has in part supply'd,
Making brave Edmund general of her forces.

Gon. One way, I like this well;
But, being a widow, and my Gloster with her,
'T may blast the promised harvest of our love.—
A word more, sir; [*To* OSWALD.] add speed to your journey;
And if you chance to meet with that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Country.

Enter EDGAR, *as a Peasant, and* GLOSTER.

Glost. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. We climb it now; mark, how we labour.

Glost. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horribly steep. Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glost. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glost. So may it be indeed.
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing am I alter'd
But my garments.

Glost. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir, here's the place. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so big as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anch'ring bark
Seems lessen'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight; the murm'ring surge
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the disorder make me
Tumble down headlong.

Glost. Set me where you stand.
Edg. You are now within a foot of the extreme verge:
For all beneath the moon I would not now
Leap forward.
Glost. Let go my hand.
Here is another purse, in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Get thee farther,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Fare you well, sir.——That I do trifle thus
With his despair, is with design to cure it.
Glost. [*Kneels.*] Thus, mighty gods, this world I do renounce,
And in your sight shake my afflictions off;
If I could bear them longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and feebler part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, oh, bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Hold—who comes here?

Enter KING LEAR, *a Coronet of Flowers on his Head, Wreaths and Garlands about him.*

Lear. No, no; they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.
Edg. O piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper;—draw me a clothier's yard. A mouse, a mouse! Peace, hoa! There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, barb! i'th' white, i'th' white.—Hewgh!—Give me the word.
Edg. Sweet Marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glost. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha, Goneril! With a white beard? They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs

on my chin, before the black ones were there. To say ay and no to every thing that I said,—Ay and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came once to wet me, and the winds to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men of their words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glost. That voice I well remember: is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king: when I do stare,
See, how the subject quakes!
I pardon that man's life.——What was the cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery? No.—
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Engenders in my sight. Let copulation thrive;
For Gloster's bastard son was kinder to his father,
Than were my daughters, got i'th' lawful bed.
To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack soldiers.
There's money for thee.

Glost. Let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glost. Speak, sir, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Nay, do thy worst, blind Cupid, I'll not love.——Read me this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glost. Were all the letters suns, I could not see.

Lear. Read, read, read.

Glost. What! with this case of eyes?

Lear. O ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Yet you see how this world goes.

Glost. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What! art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thy ears: see how yon justice rails on yon simple thief.—Hark, in thine ear; shake them together, and the first t'

drops, be it thief or justice, is a villain.—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glost. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the man run from the cur; there thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that strumpet? Thou hotly lust'st to enjoy her in that kind for which thou whipp'st her; do, do; the judge, that sentenced her, has been before hand with thee.

Glost. How stiff is my vile sense, that yields not yet!

Lear. I tell thee, the usurer hangs the coz'ner.—
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and fur-gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.—
Why, there 'tis for thee, my friend; make much of it;
It has the power to seal the accuser's lips.—Get thee glass eyes, and, like a scurvy politician, seem to see the things thou dost not.—Pull, pull off my boots; hard, harder; so, so.

Glost. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster.
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither;
Thou know'st, the first time that we taste the air,
We wail and cry.——I'll preach to thee; mark me.

Edg. Break, lab'ring heart!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools,——

Enter Two KNIGHTS.

1 *Knight.* O! here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your dearest daughter sends——

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even the natural fool of fortune. Use me well, you shall have

ransom.——Let me have surgeons. Oh! I am cut to the brains.

2 *Knight.* You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

1 *Knight.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. It were an excellent stratagem to shoe a troop of horse with felt; I'll put it *in* proof.—No noise, no noise.—Now will we steal upon these sons-in-law, and then——Kill, kill, kill, kill!

[*Exeunt* KING LEAR *und the* KNIGHTS.

Edg. A sight most moving in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking in a king!

Glost. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's strokes,
And prone to pity by experienced sorrows.
Give me your hand.

Glost. You gentle gods, take my breath from me,
And let not my ill genius tempt me more
To die before you please.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! O most happily met!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy traitor,
The sword is out that must destroy thee.

Glost. Now let thy friendly hand put strength enough to't.

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence,
Lest I destroy thee too; let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk pass; and chu'd ha' bin' zwagger'd out of my

life, it would not have been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.——Nay, an' thou com'st near the old man, I'st try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come, no matter vor your foines. [EDGAR *knocks him down.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me; oh! untimely death! [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable villain.
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As lust could wish.

Glost. What? Is he dead?

Edg. This is a letter-carrier, and may have
Some papers of intelligence, that may stand
Our party in good stead to know.——What's here?
[*Takes a Letter out of his Pocket, and reads it.*

To Edmund Earl of Gloster.

Let our mutual loves be remembered: you have many opportunities to cut Albany off. If he return the conqueror, then I am still a prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth of which deliver me, and supply the place for your labour. GONERIL.

A plot upon the duke her husband's life,
And the exchange my brother!—
In time and place convenient I'll produce
These letters to the sight of th' injured duke,
As best shall serve our purpose.
[*A March at a Distance.*
Come, your hand;
Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum:
Come, sir, I will bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

KING LEAR *asleep on a Couch.*

CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, *and Two* KNIGHTS *standing by him.*

Cord. His sleep is sound, and may have good effect
To cure his jarring senses, and repair
This breach of nature.
Phys. We have employ'd the utmost power of art,
And this deep rest will perfect our design.
Cord. O Regan! Goneril! Inhuman sisters!
Had he not been your father, these white hairs
Had challenged sure some pity! Was this a face
To be exposed against the jarring winds?
My enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should
Have stood that night against my fire.—He wakes; speak to him.
Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cord. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'th' grave.
Cord. Speak to me, sir; who am I?
Lear. You are a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, which my own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?
Cord. Still, still, far wide!
Phys. Madam, he's scarce awake; he'll soon grow more composed.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused; I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I will not swear
These are my hands.
Cord. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in blessing o'er me.—Nay,
You must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish, fond, old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Cord. Nay, then farewell to patience! witness for me,
Ye mighty powers! I ne'er complain'd till now!
Lear. Methinks I should know you, and know this man:
Yet I am doubtful; for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last night.—Pray, do not mock me;
For, as I am a man, I think that lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cord. O, my dear, dear father!
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith; pray, do not weep.
I know I have given thee cause, and am so humbled
With crosses since, that I could ask
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou couldst grant it;
If thou hast poison for me, I will drink it,
Bless thee, and die.
Cord. O, pity, sir, a bleeding heart, and cease
This killing language!

Lear. Tell me, friends, where am I?
Phys. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be comforted, good madam; for the violence
Of his distemper's past; we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, till he is better settled.
Will it please you, sir, walk into freer air?
Lear. You must bear with me, I am old and foolish.
Forget and forgive.

[*The* PHYSICIAN *leads off* KING LEAR, *followed by the Two* KNIGHTS.

Cord. The gods restore you!— [*A distant March.*
Hark, I hear afar
The beaten drum. Old Kent's a man of's word.
Oh! for an arm
Like the fierce thunderer's, when the earth-born sons
Storm'd heav'n, to fight this injured father's battle!
That I could shift my sex, and dye me deep
In his opposer's blood! But, as I may,
With women's weapons, piety and pray'rs,
I'll aid his cause.—You never-erring gods,
Fight on his side, and thunder on his foes
Such tempests, as his poor aged head sustain'd!
Your image suffers when a monarch bleeds;
'Tis your own cause; for that your succours bring;
Revenge yourselves, and right an injured king.

[*Exit* CORDELIA.

SCENE II.

A Valley near the Field of Battle.

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, sir, take you the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort. [*Exit* EDGAR.
Glost. Thanks, friendly sir;
The fortune, your good cause deserves, betide you!
[*An Alarm within.*
The fight grows hot; the whole war's now at work,
And the gored battle bleeds in every vein,
Whilst drums and trumpets drown loud slaughter's roar.
Where's Gloster now, that used to head the onset,
And scour the ranks where deadliest danger lay?
Here, like a shepherd, in a lonely shade,
Idle, unarm'd, and list'ning to the fight.
No more of shelter, thou blind worm, but forth
To th' open field; the war may come this way,
And crush thee into rest.——
O, dark despair! When, Edgar, wilt thou come
To pardon, and dismiss me to the grave!
[*A Retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat; the king, I fear, has lost.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man; give me your hand, away!
King Lear has lost; he and his daughter ta'en:
And this, ye gods, is all that I can save
Of this most precious wreck. Give me your hand.
Glost. No farther, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.
Glost. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Field of Battle.

Flourish.

Enter the DUKE OF ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, EDMUND, CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD, *and* SOLDIERS; *with* KING LEAR, KENT, *and* CORDELIA, *Prisoners.*

Alb. It is enough to have conquer'd; cruelty
Should ne'er survive the fight. Captain o' the guards,
Treat well your royal prisoners, till you have
Our farther orders, as you hold our pleasure.

Gon. Hark, sir, not as you hold our husband's pleasure, [*To the* CAPTAIN, *aside.*
But as you hold your life, dispatch your pris'ners.
Our empire can have no sure settlement
But in their death,

Capt. I shall obey your orders.

Edm. Sir, I approve it safest to pronounce
Sentence of death upon this wretched king,
Whose age has charms in it, his title more,
To draw the commons once more to his side;
'Twere best prevent——

Alb. Sir, by your favour,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Have you forgot that he did lead our pow'rs?
Bore the commission of our place and person?
And that authority may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot;
In his own merits he exalts himself
More than in your addition.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

Alb. What art thou?

Edg. Pardon me, sir, that I presume to stop
A prince and conq'ror; yet, ere you triumph,
Give ear to what a stranger can deliver
Of what concerns you more than triumph can.
I do impeach your general there of treason,
Lord Edmund, that usurps the name of Gloster,
Of foulest practice 'gainst your life and honour:
This charge is true; and, wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove,
In single combat, what I do avouch,
If Edmund dares but trust his cause and sword.

Edm. What will not Edmund dare? My lord, I beg
The favour that you'd instantly appoint
The place where I may meet this challenger,
Whom I will sacrifice to my wrong'd fame:
Remember, sir, that injured honour's nice,
And cannot brook delay.

Alb. Anon, before our tent, i' th' army's view,
There let the herald cry.

Edg. I thank your highness in my champion's name:
He'll wait your trumpet's call. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Alb. Lead. [*Exeunt.*

Manent KING LEAR, KENT, CORDELIA, CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD, *and* SOLDIERS.

Lear. O Kent! Cordelia!
You are the only pair that I e'er wrong'd,
And the just gods have made you witnesses
Of my disgrace;—the very shame of fortune,
To see me chain'd and shackled at these years!
Yet were you but spectators of my woes,
Not fellow-sufferers, all were well.

Cord. This language, sir, adds yet to our affliction,

Lear. Thou, Kent, didst head the troops that fought my battle,
Exposed'st thy life and fortunes for a master,
That had, as I remember, banish'd thee.
Kent. Pardon me, sir, that once I broke your orders:
Banish'd by you, I kept me here disguised
To watch your fortunes, and protect your person:
You know you entertain'd a rough, blunt fellow,
One Caius, and you thought he did you service.
Lear. My trusty Caius, I have lost him too!
'Twas a rough honesty.
Kent. I was that Caius,
Disguised in that coarse dress to follow you.
Lear. My Caius too! Wer't thou my trusty Caius?
Enough, enough——
Kent. Ah me, he faints! his blood forsakes his cheek!
Help, Kent,——
Lear. No, no, they shall not see us weep,
We'll see them rot first.—Guards, lead away to prison.
Come, Kent; Cordelia, come.—Ha! have I caught you?
He, that parts us, must bring a brand from heav'n:
Together we'll out-toil the spite of hell,
And die the wonders of the world.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The DUKE OF ALBANY'S *Tent.*

Flourish.

Enter the DUKE OF ALBANY, EDMUND, HERALD, ATTENDANTS, *and* SOLDIERS.

Alb. Now, Gloster, trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
Ta'en their discharge. Now let our trumpets speak,
And, herald, read out this. [HERALD *reads.*

If any man of quality within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet; he is bold in his defence.

Sound;—again;—again.

[*The Trumpet sounds at each Order; and is then answered from within.*

Enter EDGAR.

Alb. Lord Edgar!

Edm. Ha! my brother!
This is the only combatant I could fear;
For in my breast guilt duels on his side.
But, conscience, what have I to do with thee?
Awe thou thy dull legitimate slaves; but I
Was born a libertine, and so I keep me.

Edg. My noble prince, a word:—Ere we engage,
Into your highness' hands I give this paper;
It will the truth of my impeachment prove,
Whatever be my fortune in the fight.

Alb. We shall peruse it.

Edg. Now, Edmund, draw thy sword,
That, if my speech has wrong'd a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here, i' the' presence
Of this high prince,
I brand thee with the spotted name of traitor,
False to thy gods, thy father, and thy brother,
And, what is more, thy friend, false to this prince;
If then thou sharest a spark of Gloster's virtue,
Account thyself; or, if thou sharest his courage,
Meet this defiance bravely.

Edm. And dares Edgar,

The beaten, routed Edgar, brave his conqueror?
From all thy troops and thee I forced the field;
Thou hast lost the gen'ral stake, and art thou now
Come with thy petty single stock to play
This after-game?

Edg. Half-blooded man,
Thy father's sin first, then his punishment,
From thy licentious mother
Thou draw'st thy villainy; but, for thy part
Of Gloster's blood, I hold thee worth my sword.

Edm. Thou bear'st thee on thy mother's piety,
Which I despise; thy mother being chaste,
Thou art assured thou art but Gloster's son;
But mine, disdaining constancy, leaves me
To hope that I am sprung from nobler blood,
And possibly a king might be my sire:
But be my birth's uncertain chance as 'twill,
Who 'twas that had the hit to father me
I know not; 'tis enough that I am I;
Of this one thing I'm certain, that I have
A daring soul, and so have at thy heart.

[*Trumpets sound;—they fight;*—EDMUND *falls.*

'Tis past,—and so am I.

Edg. As thou art my father's son,
Exchange we charity on thy repentance.

Edm. Thy sword has proved thy truth.—Forgive me, Edgar.—
Oh! ere life leaves me, let me do some good,
Despight of my own nature:—Quickly send,
Be brief, into the castle; for my order
Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia.

Edg. O, let us fly, my lord, to save their lives!

Alb. The heav'ns defend them!—Bear him hence a while.

[*Exeunt the* DUKE OF ALBANY *and* EDGAR, *with a Part of the* SOLDIERS, *and the other Part bear* EDMUND *away.*

SCENE V.

A Prison.

KING LEAR *asleep, with his Head on* CORDELIA'S *Lap.*

Cord. What toils, thou wretched king, hast thou endured,
To make thee draw, in chains, a sleep so sound!
Thy better angel charm thy ravish'd mind
With fancied freedom! Peace is used to lodge
On cottage straw; thou hast the beggar's bed;
Therefore shouldst have the beggar's careless thought—
And now, my Edgar, I remember thee:
What fate has seized thee in this general wreck
I know not, but I know thou must be wretched,
Because Cordelia holds thee dear.—
O gods! a sudden gloom o'erwhelms me, and the image
Of death o'erspreads the place.—Ha! who are these?

Enter CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, *another* OFFICER, *and* SOLDIERS, *with Cords.*

Capt. Now, sirs, dispatch; already you are paid
In part, the best of your reward's to come.
Lear. Charge, charge upon their flank; their left wing halts;
Push, push the battle, and the day's our own;
Their ranks are broken; down, down with Albany.—
Who holds my hands?—O, thou deceiving sleep,
I was this very minute on the chase,
And now a pris'ner here!—What mean the slaves?
You will not murder me?

Cord. Help, earth and heaven!
For your soul's sake, dear sir, and for the gods',—
Offi. No tears, good lady; no pleading against gold and preferment.
Come, sirs, make ready your cords.
Cord. You, sir, I'll seize;
You have a human form; and, if no prayers
Can touch your soul to spare a poor king's life,
If there be any thing that you hold dear,
By that I beg you to dispatch me first.
Capt. Comply with her request; dispatch her first.
Lear. Off, hell-hounds! by the gods I charge you, spare her;
'Tis my Cordelia, my true pious daughter;
No pity?—Nay, then take an old man's vengeance.

[KING LEAR *snatches a sword from the* OFFICER, *and strikes down the Two* SOLDIERS *who had seized* CORDELIA.

Enter EDGAR, *the* DUKE OF ALBANY, *and* KING LEAR'S KNIGHTS.

Edg. Death! hell! ye vultures, hold your impious hands,
Or take a speedier death than you would give.
Alb. Guards, seize those instruments of cruelty.
Cord. Oh, my Edgar!
Edg. My dear Cordelia! lucky was the minute
Of our approach; the gods have weigh'd our suff'rings;
We've pass'd the fire, and now must shine to ages.
Knight. Look here, my lord; see, where the generous king
Has slain two of them.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I could have made them skip;—I am old now,
And these vile crosses spoil me; out of breath,
Fie, oh! quite out of breath, and spent.

Alb. Bring in old Kent, [*Exit a* KNIGHT.] and,
Edgar, guide you hither
Your father, who, you said, was near. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Enter KENT *and the* KNIGHT.

Lear. Who are you?
My eyes are none o' th' best, I'll tell you straight:
Oh, Albany! Well, sir, we are your captives,
And you are come to see death pass upon us.
Why this delay?—Or is't your highness' pleasure
To give us first the torture? Say you so?
Why, here's old Kent, and I, as tough a pair
As e'er bore tyrant stroke;—but my Cordelia,
My poor Cordelia here, O pity——
Alb. Thou injured majesty,
The wheel of fortune now has made her circle,
And blessings yet stand 'twixt thy grave and thee.
Lear. Com'st thou, inhuman lord, to sooth us back
To a fool's paradise of hope, to make
Our doom more wretched? Go to; we are too well
Acquainted with misfortune, to be gull'd
With lying hope; no, we will hope no more.
Alb. I have a tale t' unfold, so full of wonder,
As cannot meet an easy faith;
But, by that royal injured head, 'tis true.
Kent. What would your highness?
Alb. Know, the noble Edgar
Impeach'd Lord Edmund, since the fight, of treason,
And dared him for the proof to single combat,
In which the gods confirm'd his charge by conquest;
I left e'en now the traitor wounded mortally.
Lear. And whither tends this story?
Alb. Ere they fought,
Lord Edgar gave into my hands this paper,
A blacker scroll of treason and of lust
Than can be found in the records of hell:
These, sacred sir, behold the character

Of Goneril, the worst of daughters, but
More vicious wife.
Cord. Could there be yet addition to their guilt?
What will not they, who wrong a father, do?
Alb. Since then my injuries, Lear, fall in with thine,
I have resolved the same redress for both.
Kent. What says my lord?
Cord. Speak; for methought I heard
The charming voice of a descending god.
Alb. The troops, by Edmund raised, I have disbanded:
Those, that remain, are under my command.
What comfort may be brought to cheer your age,
And heal your savage wrongs, shall be apply'd;
For to your majesty we do resign
Your kingdom, save what part yourself conferr'd
On us in marriage.
Kent. Hear you that, my liege?
Cord. Then there are gods, and virtue is their care.
Lear. Is't possible?
Let the spheres stop their course, the sun make halt,
The winds be hush'd, the seas and fountains rest,
All nature pause, and listen to the change!
Where is my Kent, my Caius?
Kent. Here, my liege.
Lear. Why, I have news, that will recall thy youth;
Ha! didst thou hear't?—or did th' inspiring gods
Whisper to me alone—Old Lear shall be
A king again?
Kent. The prince, that like a god has power, has said it.
Lear. Cordelia then shall be a queen, mark that;
Cordelia shall be queen; winds, catch the sound,
And bear it on your rosy wings to heav'n,
Cordelia is a queen.

Enter EDGAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Alb. Look, sir, where pious Edgar comes,

Leading his eyeless father O, my liege,
His wond'rous story well deserves your leisure;
What he has done and suffer'd for your sake,
What for the fair Cordelia's.
Glost. Where's my liege? Conduct me to his knees, to hail
His second birth of empire: My dear Edgar
Has, with himself, reveal'd the king's blest restoration.
Lear. My poor dark Gloster!
Glost. O, let me kiss once more that scepter'd hand!
Lear. Hold, thou mistak'st the majesty; kneel here;
Cordelia has our pow'r, Cordelia's queen.
Speak, is not that the noble, suff'ring, Edgar?
Glost. My pious son, more dear than my lost eyes.
Lear. I wrong'd him too; but here's the fair amends.
Edg. Your leave, my liege, for an unwelcome message:
Edmund, but that's a trifle, is expired.
What more will touch you, your imperious daughters,
Goneril and haughty Regan, both are dead,
Each by the other poison'd at a banquet:
This, dying, they confess'd.
Cord. O, fatal period of ill-govern'd life!
Lear. Ingrateful as they were, my heart feels yet
A pang of nature for their wretched fall.——
But, Edgar, I defer thy joys too long:
Thou servedst distress'd Cordelia; take her crown'd,
Th' imperial grace fresh blooming on her brow:
Nay, Gloster, thou hast here a father's right;
Thy helping hand to heap blessings on their heads.
Kent. Old Kent throws in his hearty wishes too.
Edg. The gods and you too largely recompense
What I have done; the gift strikes merit dumb.
Cord. Nor do I blush to own myself o'erpaid
For all my sufferings past.
Edg. Divine Cordelia, all the gods can witness
How much thy love to empire I prefer.

Thy bright example shall convince the world,
Whatever storms of fortune are decreed,
That truth and virtue shall at last succeed.

Glost. Now, gentle gods, give Gloster his discharge!

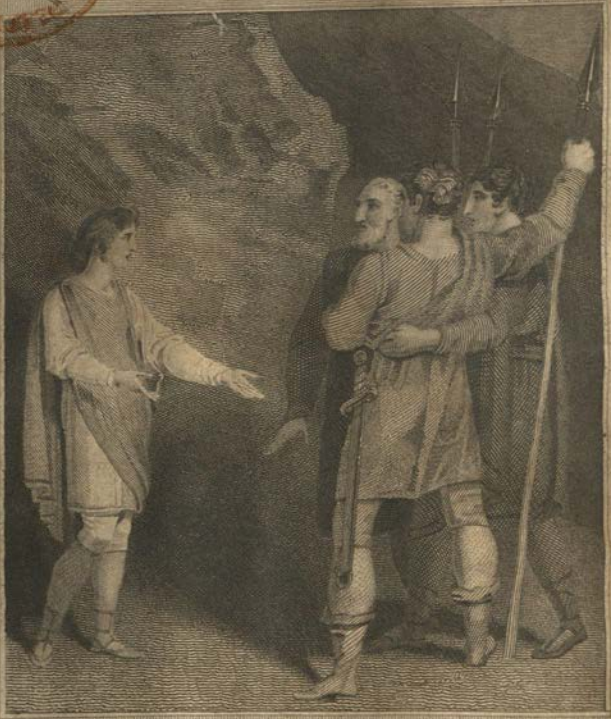
Lear. No, Gloster, thou hast business yet for life;
Thou, Kent, and I, retired to some close cell,
Will gently pass our short reserves of time
In calm reflections on our fortunes past,
Cheer'd with relation of the prosperous reign
Of this celestial pair; thus our remains
Shall in an even course of thought be past,
Enjoy the present hour, nor fear the last.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

CYMBELINE



IMOGEN. — GOOD MASTERS, HARM ME NOT

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Painted by Westall. Pub. by Longman & C.º 1817. Engraved by C. Heath.

CYMBELINE;

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

Mr Malone informs the public, that the king from whom this play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in, or about, the twenty-fourth of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era.—Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

Notwithstanding an English king and his children furnish some names in this tragedy, it is supposed that its fable is taken from an Italian novel, which the dramatist has blended with many incidents, the produce of his own fancy.

Variety of events form the peculiar character of this play; attention is kept awake by sudden changes of time, place, and circumstances; but the mind obtains little reward for its watchfulness. Among the many amusing things, both seen and heard, at the representation of "Cymbeline," that part in which the great author is concerned, generally makes so

slight an impression upon an audience, that, when the curtain is dropped, they immediately discourse upon the splendour of Imogen's bed-chamber, the becoming dress she wore as a boy, and the dexterity with which Iachimo crept out, and crept into his coffer; without bestowing equal observation upon any of those sorrows or joys, which they have just seen exhibited.

Still the impossibility, that half the events in this play could ever occur, cannot be the sole cause of its weak effect. Shakspeare's scenes are frequently such as could not take place in real life; and yet the sensations which they excite are so forcible, that improbability is overpowered by the author's art, and his auditors are made to feel, though they cannot believe.

No such magic presides over the play of "Cymbeline," as to transform reason into imagination—the spectator may be pleased, but cannot be impassioned. The only scene which approaches the pathetic, is that where Imogen is informed by Pisanio of her husband's command, that she should be murdered;—and this is a vengeance so unlike the forgiving temper of an English courtier, upon similar occasions, that it appears as if the air of Italy had, as she suspects, infected the loving Posthumus with that nation's predominant crimes, and no one heart is deeply affected by so extraordinary an occurrence.

The young mountaineers, the brothers of Imogen, are pleasing figures, among the large group of personages here collected; but still their forest dresses, more than their business in the scene, amuse the spec-

tator. Or, if he be moved by any concern about them, it is with hatred, at the inhuman boasting of Guiderius, that he has—"cut off one Cloten's head, son to the queen, and sent it down the river, to tell his mother," &c. Whoever Cloten was, or whatever ill he might threaten, yet, for the author to make this youthful forester lay his foolish enemy dead at his feet, and then be facetious over the horrid act, was sinking him beneath the common bravo, who is ever pourtrayed grim and gloomy, as the good sign that he is still a man, and has a conscience capable of remorse.

Johnson concludes his commentaries on the tragedy of "Cymbeline" (in which he bestows little praise, except on the soliloquy of Posthumus, when he supposes Imogen has been put to death) with this general criticism.

"This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes; but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events, in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecillity, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation."

How would a modern author writhe under a critique that should accuse his drama, of only one half of these failings!—Yet "Cymbeline" survives this just attack—and will live admired, and esteemed, to the end of time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY-LANE.	COVENT-GARDEN.
CYMBELINE	*Mr Raymond.*	*Mr Creswell.*
GUIDERIUS	*Mr Bartley.*	*Mr C. Kemble.*
ARVIRAGUS	*Mr De Camp.*	*Mr Brunton.*
CLOTEN	*Mr Palmer.*	*Mr Farley.*
BELARIUS	*Mr Wroughton.*	*Mr Murray.*
POSTHUMUS	*Mr Pope.*	*Mr Kemble.*
LOCRINE	*Mr Fisher.*	*Mr W. Murray.*
MADAN	*Mr Holland.*	*Mr Menage.*
CORNELIUS	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Thompson.*
PISANIO	*Mr Packer.*	*Mr Claremont.*
IACHIMO	*Mr Barrymore.*	*Mr Cooke.*
CAIUS LUCIUS	*Mr Cooke.*	*Mr Chapman.*
VARUS	*Mr Evans.*	*Mr Jefferies.*
PHILARIO	*Mr Waldron.*	*Mr Davenport.*
LEWIS	*Mr Sparks.*	*Mr Treby.*
QUEEN	*Mrs Sparks.*	*Mrs St Ledger.*
IMOGEN	*Mrs Young.*	*Miss Smith.*
HELEN	*Miss Campbell.*	*Miss Waddy.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Britain.

The Garden of CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter PISANIO *and* MADAN.

Pisanio. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.
Mad. But what's the matter?
Pisanio. Are you so fresh a stranger, to ask that?
His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referred herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd—she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
Mad. None but the king?
Pisanio. Not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
Mad. And why so?
Pisanio. He, that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he, that hath her
(I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature, such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him, that should compare.
Mad. His name and birth?
Pisanio. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
He had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings, that his time
Could make him the receiver of! which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Lived in court,
Which rare it is to do, most praised, most loved;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards.
Mad. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
Pisanio. His only child.

He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it;) the eldest of them, at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes, the other from their nursery,
Were stolen; and, to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Mad. How long is this ago?

Pisanio. Some twenty years.

Mad. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

Pisanio. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exit* MADAN.

Enter the QUEEN, IMOGEN, *and* POSTHUMUS.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys,
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him: and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. 'Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imog. O,
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,

You must begone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness,
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who, to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet, I'll move him
[*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term, as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imog. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's:—take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How!—how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the Ring.*

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles,
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Upon this fairest prisoner.
Imog. O, the gods!—
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, MADAN, *and* LOCRINE.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing! avoid—hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood!
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!—
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imog. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.—
Pisanio, go, and see your lord on board.
[*Exit* PISANIO.
Cym. O, disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth! thou heapest many
A year's age on me.
Imog. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation! I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!
Imog. O bless'd, that I might not!
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imog. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imog. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow: and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me,
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad?
Imog. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly.

[*Exeunt* CYMBELINE, LOCRINE, *and* MADAN.

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant,
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine *honour*,
He will remain so. [*Exit.*
Pisanio. I humbly thank your highness.
Imog. Well, good Pisanio,
Thou saw'st thy lord on board?—What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisanio. 'Twas "His queen, his queen!"
Imog. Then waved his handkerchief?
Pisanio. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imog. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Pisanio. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,—
How swift his ship.
Imog. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pisanio. Madam, so I did.
Imog. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pisanio. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imog. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or, ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shakes all our buds from growing.—See, the queen—
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. [*Exit.*
Pisanio. Madam, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter QUEEN, *meeting* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?
Corn. Pleaseth your highness, ay:
[*Gives the* QUEEN *a Phial.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,
My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds?
Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long?
I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds,
And apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.
[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work; he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio? Hark thee, a word.—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended.
Corn. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.
I know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify, and dull the sense a while;
But there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp:
What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built? nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?

[*The* QUEEN *drops the Phial;* PISANIO *takes it up.*

Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly.
Think on my words.—
[*Aside.*] I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.—
Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exit.*

Pisanio. And shall do;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
By this he is at Rome, and good Philario,
With open arms, and grateful heart, receives
His friend's reflected image in his son,
Old Leonatus in young Posthumus:
Sweet Imogen, what thou endur'st the while,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband——Heaven keep unshaken
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Rome.

An Apartment in PHILARIO'S *House.*

PHILARIO, *with a Letter,* IACHIMO, *and* LEWIS, *discovered.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is.

Lewis. I have seen him in France; we had very

many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

Lewis. And then his banishment,—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

Lewis. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

Lewis. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir,—I was then a young traveller; but, upon my mended judgment, (if I of-

fend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight. . . . .

Lewis. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

Lewis. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: this gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold, or

given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you.

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had but my estate, and my neighbour's, upon the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—Let there be covenants drawn between us: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking; I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours;—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—Only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no farther your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if

she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Britain.

IMOGEN'S *Apartment.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imog. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banished;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,

How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pisanio. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.
[*Kneels, and presents a Letter.*

Imog. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

Imog. [Reads.] ——*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*
LEONATUS.
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imog. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other.
Imog. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd, desire,
Ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.
Imog. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange, and peevish.
Pisanio. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
Imog. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imog. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imog. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman, his companion,
That, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, "O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"
Imog. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, Heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imog. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: But yet Heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imog. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imog. Am I one, sir?
You look on me,—What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imog. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imog. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,—
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do,)—
Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek,
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty: this object, which

Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour?
It were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imog. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imog. Let me hear no more.

Iach. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the greatest king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hired with that self-exhibition,
Which your own coffers yield!
Be revenged:
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imog. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imog. What ho, Pisanio!——

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imog. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew,
He hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.——What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you, his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imog. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour, sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report;
The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. 'Pray, your pardon.

Imog. All's well, sir: Take my pow'r i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks:—I had almost forgot,
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imog. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
The best feather of our wing, have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage; may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imog. Willingly:
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imog. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imog. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night:
I have out-stood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imog. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, *and* MADAN.

Cloten. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

Loc. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Mad. [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Cloten. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

Mad. No, my lord:—nor crop the ears of them.
[*Aside.*

Cloten. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would he had been one of my rank!
A plague on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen, my mother; every jack-slave hath his belly-full of fighting, and I must go up and down, like a cock that nobody can match.

Loc. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Cloten. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Loc. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Cloten. Why, so I say.

Loc. Here comes the king.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

Cloten. Good-night to your majesty, and gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Cloten. She vouchsafes no notice; but I will assail her before morning with mask and music.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Enter an OFFICER, *and whispers* LOCRINE.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter.

Loc. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his:—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us, we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.
Betimes to-morrow we'll hear th' embassy.
Come, madam. [*Exeunt* CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

Loc. Did you hear of another stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Cloten. Another stranger, and I not know on't?

Mad. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

Loc. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Cloten. Leonatus! A banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

Loc. One of your lordship's pages.

Cloten. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in it?

Mad. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Cloten. Not easily, I think.
Come, I'll go see this Italian; and if he'll play,
I'll game with him; and to-morrow, with our
Father, we'll hear the ambassador—Come, let's go.

Loc. I attend your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Bed-chamber.—In one Part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed.*—HELEN *attending.*

Imog. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Helen. Please you, madam,—

Imog. What hour is it?

Helen. Almost midnight, madam.

Imog. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep has seized me wholly.
[*Exit* HELEN.
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beseech you! [*Sleeps.*

IACHIMO *comes out of the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—
'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows towards her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—such
The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordion knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make.
To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,

Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up.——I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three:—Time, time!
[*Goes into the Trunk.—The Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.

CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, LOCRINE, *and* MADAN.

Loc. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the coldest that ever turned up ace.

Cloten. It would make any man cold to lose.

Loc. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship: You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Cloten. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

Mad. Day, my lord.

Cloten. I would the maskers and musicians were come; I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

[*A Flourish of Music within.*

Loc. Here they are, my lord.

Cloten. Come, let's join them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Anti-chamber to IMOGEN'S *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN, LUCRINE, *and* MADAN, *with* SINGERS *and* DANCERS, *as* MASKERS.

Cloten. Come on, tune first a very excellent good conceited thing, after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs.
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin;
My lady sweet arise;
Arise, arise.

Cloten. So, get you gone:—if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; [*Exeunt* SINGERS.] if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of eunuch to boot, can never amend. Come, now to our dancing. And if she is immoveable with this, she is an immoveable princess, and not worth my notice.

[*Dances of* MASKERS.

Cloten. Leave us to ourselves. [*Exeunt* LORDS, *&c.*
If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her; What,
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, some time, hangs both thief and true man:—
What
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter HELEN.

Helen. Who's there, that knocks?
Cloten. A gentleman.
Helen. No more?
Cloten. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Helen. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?
Cloten. Your lady's person: Is she ready?
Helen. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Cloten. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.
Helen. How? my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Cloten. Good morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand. [*Exit* HELEN.

Imog. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble.
Cloten. Still, I swear, I love you.
Imog. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
Cloten. This is no answer.
Imog. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Cloten. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
Imog. Fools cure not mad folks.
Cloten. Do you call me fool?
Imog. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners;
But I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you.
Cloten. The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none.
Imog. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom.
Cloten. The south fog rot him!
Imog. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,

In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.
Cloten. How now?
Imog. Pisanio! [*Misses her Bracelet.*
Cloten. His garment? Now, the devil——

Enter PISANIO.

Imog. To Helen, my woman, hie thee presently—
Cloten. His garment?
Imog. I am sprited with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that, too casually,
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it then.
Pisanio. 'Twill not be lost.
Imog. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit.*
Cloten. You have abused me:—
His meanest garment?
I will inform your father.
Imog. Your mother too:
She's my good lady: and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Cloten. I'll be revenged;—
His meanest garment?——Well. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Rome.

An Apartment in PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phil. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; or your countrymen
Will look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia, sooner landed

In our not fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are a people, such
That mend upon the world: and more than that,
They have a king, whose love and justice to them
May ask, and have, their treasures, and their blood.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir!

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one, the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement, to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

[POSTHUMUS *reads the Letter.*

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Iach. He was, my lord:—but I
Left ere I saw him.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope, you know, that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless, leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that, was well worth watching,) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman;
A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value.

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted.
Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel—See!—
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
And now 'tis up again.
Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she prized it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you—doth she?

Post. Oh, no, no, no! 'tis true! Here, take this too; [*Gives the Ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; Jove,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure, false!

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter! I had it from her arm!

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter, he swears!
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She could not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induced to steal it,
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life
I kiss'd it.
You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it!
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic; ne'er count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn——
Post. No swearing:—
If thou wilt swear thou hast not done't, thou liest;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.
Iach. I will deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't, i' the court, before
Her father:—I'll do something. [*Exit.*
Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Britain.

CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Drums and Trumpets.

CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LOCRINE, MADAN, LUCIUS VARUS, *and Roman Officers, discovered.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar
Was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which, by thee lately,
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Cloten. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
Tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Roman did extort

This tribute from us, we were free:
Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled: whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
Thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name, pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Cloten. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine: All the remain is, welcome.

[*Drums and Trumpets—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter PISANIO; *a Letter in his Hand.*

Pisanio. How! of adultery! Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!

Oh, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thine ear? What false Italian,
As poisonous tongued, as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—Oh, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading the Letter.*
Do't: The letter,
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—Oh, damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee!—
Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imog. How now, Pisanio?
Pisanio. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imog. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus? [IMOGEN *takes the Letter.*
Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content!
Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel!
Good news, gods!

[Reading.] *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominions, could not be so cruel to me,*

as you, Oh, the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
How far is it
To this same blessed Milford?
How may we steal from hence?
I pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pisanio. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, is enough for you; and too much too.

Imog. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow:—
But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pisanio. Madam, you're best consider,—

Imog. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Forest in Wales, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS, *from the Cave.*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours: See, boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through,
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heaven!

Arv. Hail, Heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you, when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—Oh, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And, when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told you oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the vallies.
[*Exeunt* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine; and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king, his father, call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck:" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. [*A Horn sounds.*
Hark! the game is roused!
Oh, Cymbeline! Heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,

At three, and two years old, I stole these babes:
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou 'reftst me of my land. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.

[*The Horn sounds again.*

The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Palace of CYMBELINE.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LOCRINE, MADAN, LUCIUS VARUS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
I am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:
So farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Cloten. Receive it friendly: but, from this time forth,
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, LOCRINE, *and* VARUS, *&c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.
Cloten. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit* MADAN.
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her.

Enter MADAN.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Mad. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, Heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exeunt* CYMBELINE *and* MADAN.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Cloten. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant, I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exit* CLOTEN.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Wood near Milford Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imog. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand.—
Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus?
One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication.
What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me?
If it be summer news,

Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.——Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which, to read,
Would be even mortal to me.

Pisanio. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imog. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pisanio. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.—
What cheer, madam?

Imog. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,

And cry myself awake? That's false to his bed,
Is it?

Pisanio. Alas, good lady!

Imog. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him;
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, oh, husband! shall be thought
Put on for villainy.

Pisanio. Good madam, hear me.

Imog. Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pisanio. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imog. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: 'Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;——
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence—
What is here? [*Taking out Letters.*
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart.——
'Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pisanio. Oh, gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imog. Do't, and to bed then.
Pisanio. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
Imog. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it?
Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pisanio. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which,
I have consider'd of a course: Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imog. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pisanio. It cannot be,
But that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imog. Some Roman courtezan.
Pisanio. No, on my life.—
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imog. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pisanio. If you'll back to the court,——

Imog. No court, no father.
Pisanio. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.—Where then?
Imog. Hath Britain all the sun that shines?
'Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pisanio. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius, the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind,
Dark as your fortune is,
You should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imog. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.
Pisanio. Well, then here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience;
Forethinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloakbag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich: and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.
Imog. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.
This attempt

I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage.
Pisanio. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court.—My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imog. Amen! I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
I love her; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her.

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here?
Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.
Pisanio. O, good my lord!
Cloten. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
Pisanio. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
Cloten. Where is she, sir?
Satisfy me home,—
What is become of her?
Pisanio. O, my all-worthy lord!
Cloten. All-worthy villain!
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pisanio. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presents a Letter.*
Cloten. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pisanio. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.
I'll write to my lord she's dead. O, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!
Cloten. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pisanio. Sir, as I think.
Cloten. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service,—that is, what villainy soever I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pisanio. Well, my good lord.

Cloten. Wilt thou serve me?

Pisanio. Sir, I will.

Cloten. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pisanio. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Cloten. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service; go.

Pisanio. I shall, my lord. [*Exit* PISANIO.

Cloten. Meet thee at Milford Haven:——Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person. With that suit upon my back, will I first kill him, and in her eyes: He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, when my appetite hath dined, to the court I'll foot her home again.—My revenge is now at Milford:—'Would I had wings to follow it! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Wales.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter IMOGEN, *in Boy's Clothes.*

Imog. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,

When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken:
Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true:
My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call: I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho!—who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak.
Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good Heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant:
Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
[*Goes towards the Cave.*

Guid. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There's cold meat i'the cave; we'll browse on that
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:—
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
Guid. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imog. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for thy meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Arv. Money, youth?
Guid. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imog. I see, you are angry;
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imog. To Milford Haven, sir.
Bel. What is your name?
Imog. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.
Bel. 'Prythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer

Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
Arv. I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.
Guid. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imog. [*Aside.*] 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Guid. 'Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger!
Bel. Hark, boys! [*Whispering them.*
Imog. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus, false—
Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Guid. 'Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
Imog. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt into the Cave.*

SCENE III.

The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly.—How fit his garments serve me! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and, all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place: and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Forest and the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To* IMOGEN.
Are we not brothers?
Imog. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imog. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well;
So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am *ill*; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. 'Pray you, trust me here.
Guid. Brother, farewell.
Imog. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.
[BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS *confer apart.*
Imog. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies, I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court.—
I am sick still; heart sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the Phial.*
Guid. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To th' field, to th' field.—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. 'Pray, be not sick;
For you must be our housewife.
Imog. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit* IMOGEN, *into the Cave.*
Bel. This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel like he looks!
Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh.
Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.
Cloten. [*Within.*] What, shall I never find this place?
Bel. Who's there?
[BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS *retire.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. [*Exit* CLOTEN.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the Queen. I fear some ambush.
Guid. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: 'pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.
Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee.
Cloten. Thou villain, base!
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather! he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Cloten. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble!
Guid. What's your name?
Cloten. Cloten, thou villain!
Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider;
'Twould move me sooner.
Cloten. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the Queen.
Guid. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Cloten. Art not afear'd?
Guid. Those, that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Cloten. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those, that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.
Bel. No; time has nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them.—
But see, my brother!

Enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Guid. Cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law?—What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants;
It is not probable he would come alone.—
I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 'twill be revenged:
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would I had done't!

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit, into the Cave.*
Bel. O, thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here, to us portends:
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn Music in the Cave.*
Bel. My ingenious instrument!—
Hark, Polydore! it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Guid. What does he mean?
Since death of my dear'st mother,

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.

Enter ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Look, here he comes!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
Than have seen this.
Guid. O sweetest, fairest lily!
And art thou gone, my poor Fidele?
Bel. What! is he dead? How found you him?
Arv. Stark:—smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Guid. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought, he slept.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that:
Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince. Go, bring your lily.
[*Exeunt* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS *into the Cave.*
O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?—find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish care
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but, ah!
Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy.

Enter GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS, *from the Cave, bearing* IMOGEN'S *Body.*

Come, let us lay the bodies each by each,
And strew them o'er with flow'rs; and on the morrow
Shall the earth receive them.
Arv. Sweet Fidele!
Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's blast;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
And the dream of life is past.
Guid. Monarchs, sages, peasants, must
Follow thee, and come to dust.
[*Exeunt, bearing the Body.*

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, MADAN, PISANIO, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how the queen does. [*Exit an* ATTENDANT.
A fever, with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me!—Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My queen,
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: Her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pisanio. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will.
Mad. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
He will, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season: but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

Enter LOCRINE.

Loc. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!
Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.

[*Exeunt* CYMBELINE, LOCRINE, MADAN, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Pisanio. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heavens still must work:
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time, let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Forest, near the Cave.

IMOGEN *and* CLOTEN *discovered, lying on a Bank strewed with Flowers.*—IMOGEN *awakes.*

Imog. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night:——'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.— [*Seeing the Body.*
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, a dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures.
Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.—
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!—
Oh, he is murder'd!—
Pisanio,—
'Tis thou conspiring with that devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—
Pisanio?
How should this be?—Pisanio?—
'Tis he:—
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on them!—
O, my lord! my lord!

Enter CAIUS LUCIUS, VARUS, *and* SOLDIERS.

Varus. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Varus. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair.—
Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that some time
It was a worthy building. How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Varus. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow?
What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imog. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters!

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say, thy name, good boy.
Imog. Fidele, sir.
Luc. Thy name well fits thy faith:—
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less beloved.
Go with me.
Imog. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig: and when
With wild-wood leaves, and weeds, I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you, entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him, with our pikes and partizans,
A grave: Come, arm him.
Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee, to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can.—Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*As the* SOLDIERS *are taking up the Body, the Curtain falls.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Forest.

Drums, Trumpets, &c.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Guid. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands), may drive us to a render
Where we have lived; and so extort from us
That, which we have done, whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture.
Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That, when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears, so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army:

And, besides, the King
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves.
Guid. 'Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither! What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Guid. By Heavens, I'll go!
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due, fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I; Amen!
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed, too, lads, and there I'll lie. [*Exeunt.*

Drums, Trumpets, &c.

SCENE II.

A Plain, between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody Handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little!—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me,—wretch!—more worth your vengeance.—
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey:—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I have conceal'd
My Italian weeds, under this semblance of
A Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. [*Drums, Trumpets, &c.*
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within.
[*Drums, Trumpets, &c.—Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums.

An Engagement between the Britons and the Romans—the Britons are repulsed.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO, *fighting.*—IACHIMO *is disarmed.*

Post. Or yield thee, Roman, or thou diest!
Iach. Peasant, behold my breast!
Post. No; take thy life, and mend it. [*Exit.*
Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
With Heaven against me, what is sword or shield?
My guilt, my guilt o'erpowers me, and I yield.
[*Drums, Trumpets, &c.*—*Exit.*

An Engagement between the Britons and the Romans, in which the Romans fly before BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

SCENE IV.

The Forest, near the Cave.

Drums, Trumpets, &c.

Enter PISANIO *and* MADAN.

Mad. This is a day turn'd strangely.
Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Pisanio. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Mad. I did.
Pisanio. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself,
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a straight lane: the enemy full hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the straight pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Mad. Where was this lane?
Pisanio. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier;
(An honest one, I warrant;)—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter,)
Made good the passage; cried to the fliers, "Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—These three——

Mad. Were there but three?

Pisanio. There was a fourth man, in a poor rustic habit,

That stood the front with them. These matchless four,
Accommodated by the place, gilded pale looks;
Part, shame; part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward,
But by example, 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick; and the event,
A victory for us.

Mad. This was strange chance.—
An old man, two boys, and a poor rustic!

Pisanio. Nay, do not wonder:—go with me, and see
These wonders, sir, and join the general joy.

[*Drums, Trumpets, &c.—Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too?—I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck.—
Well, I will find him:
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more;
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
On either side. For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE'S *Tent.*

A Retreat sounded.

CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* BRITISH SOLDIERS, *discovered.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy, that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing.

Cym. No tidings of him?
Pisanio. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.
[*Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter LOCRINE, MADAN, IACHIMO, CAIUS LUCIUS, IMOGEN, ROMAN PRISONERS, *in Chains; and* POSTHUMUS *behind, guarded by* BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But, since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent:
He hath done no Briton harm,
Though he hath served a Roman: Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me.——
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en. [IMOGEN *looks at* IACHIMO.
Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imog. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imog. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart:
Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *walk aside.*

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles:—That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further.

Pisanio. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;
[*To* IACHIMO.
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness,
Bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imog. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (Oh, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) the good Posthumus—

Cym. Come to the matter.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat, I,—wretch!—
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery.
Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught,
Of your chaste daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous;—
To be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd, with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus;
That he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,——

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—Oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious:
I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—the temple

Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me: set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—Oh, Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! Oh, Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imog. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Thou scornful page, there is no peace for me.
[*Striking her; she falls.*

Pisanio. Oh, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress:—Oh, my Lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help! help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pisanio. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Imog. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now,
Throw me again. [*Runs into his Arms.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. My child! my child! my dearest Imogen!

Imog. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for't.
[*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Cym. Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imog. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

[PISANIO *and* IMOGEN *retire with* POSTHUMUS, *the* GUARDS *take off his Chains.*

Guid. Let me end his story:
'Twas I that slew him.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: 'pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Guid. A most uncivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law.—Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence. [GUARDS *advance.*
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the* GUARDS.
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee:
Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, *and* PISANIO, *come forward.*

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you some time banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them.—But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.—
I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.—Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—Oh, Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imog. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?—

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting loved.

Cym. Oh, rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through?—How lived you? where?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?
But nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories.—See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him.—All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.—
[GUARDS *take off their Chains.*
The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneels.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did.—
But, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith:—
Now take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you:—Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.—Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils

From our bless'd altars!—Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt omnes.—Drums and Trumpets.*

THE END.

RARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

MACBETH

MACBETH. I HAVE DONE THE DEED. DIDST THOU NOT HEAR A NOISE?

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Painted by Cook. Pub. by Longman & Co. 1816. Engraved by C. Heath

MACBETH;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

In this grand tragic opera is combined that which is terrific, sublime, infernal. Spirits are called from the bottomless pit, to give additional horror to the crimes which are here perpetrated. Yet supernatural agency is produced and conducted by such natural means, that spectators return again to their childish credulity, and tremble, as in the nursery, at a witch and a goblin.

It is impossible to contemplate the consistent disposition of able actors, of appropriate habiliments, and of picturesque scenery, with which this tragedy is now embellished at the London theatres, and not boldly demand—where was Garrick's taste, his innovating judgment, his common sense, and common feelings, as a connoisseur in his art, that he could perform this historical tragedy—Macbeth, of ancient Scotland—with the characters dressed in coats, waistcoats, and hats, so as to place the scene in modern times, or every scene in England?

Garrick had taste, it is said; and so, they say, had his admirers: yet, taste like this would be now exploded.—So, it might be insinuated, perhaps, would be the acting of those days, could it have been pre-

served, along with the old attire, for the inspection of critics of the present era.

On this impossibility the actor's art triumphs over, yet sinks beneath, every other. He has no rivals to vanquish, but contemporaries. He has no former artists to excel, but such as cannot come forth to claim the preference, or to crouch to superior skill.

The story of Macbeth is founded on Scottish history, and may be traced in the works of many writers. But, in a production called "Shakspeare Illustrated," every event of that usurper's life is collected from different histories, and given at large.

So conspicuous are the various excellencies contained in this tragedy, there is no cause whatever to point them out to the reader; for if he cannot see them at once, it is vain to direct his sight.

But to those who are unacquainted with the effect wrought by theatrical action and decoration, it may not be superfluous to say—the huge rocks, the enormous caverns, and blasted heaths of Scotland, in the scenery;—the highland warrior's dress, of centuries past, worn by the soldiers and their generals;—the splendid robes and banquet at the royal court held at Fores;—the awful, yet inspiring music, which accompanies words assimilated to each sound;—and, above all—the fear, the terror, the remorse;—the agonizing throbs and throes, which speak in looks, whispers, sudden starts, and writhings, by Kemble and Mrs Siddons, all tending to one great precept—*Thou shalt not murder*,—render this play one of the

most impressive moral lessons which the stage exhibits.

It was the tragedy of Macbeth which conferred upon Shakspeare the distinguished honour of receiving a letter, written with his sovereign's own hand, James the First, in testimony of his high admiration of the work!

Steevens calls this play, "The first of all dramatic enjoyments."

Johnson says, in apology for some occurrences contained in it, "I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and delusive predictions."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY-LANE.	COVENT-GARDEN.
DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND	*Mr Powell.*	*Mr Hull.*
MALCOLM	*Mr De Camp.*	*Mr C. Kemble.*
DONALDBAIN	*Mr Tokely.*	*Mr Menage.*
MACBETH	*Mr Elliston.*	*Mr Kemble.*
MACDUFF	*Mr Raymond.*	*Mr Cooke.*
BANQUO	*Mr H. Siddons.*	*Mr Murray.*
FLEANCE	*Master West.*	*Mr T. Blanchard.*
LENOX	*Mr Bartley.*	*Mr Cresswell.*
ROSSE	*Mr Holland.*	*Mr Brunton.*
SIWARD	*Mr Sparks.*	*Mr Chapman.*
SEYTON	*Mr Fisher.*	*Mr Claremont.*
PHYSICIAN		*Mr Davenport.*
OFFICERS	*Mr Evans.* *Mr Webb.*	*Mr Klanert.* *Mr Wilde.*
APPARITIONS		*Mr Fielde, &c.*
HECATE	*Mr Cooke.*	*Mr Incledon.*
WITCHES	*Mr Palmer.* *Mr Wewitzer.* *Mr Cherry*	*Mr Blanchard.* *Mr Emery.* *Mr Simmons.*
LADY MACBETH	*Mrs Powell.*	*Mrs Siddons.*
GENTLEWOMAN	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Mrs Humphries.*

SCENE,—In Scotland, and in England.

MACBETH.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The open Country.

Thunder and Lightning.

Three WITCHES *discovered.*

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere th' set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There to meet with——
1 *Witch.* Whom?
2 *Witch.* Macbeth. [*Noise of a Cat.*
1 *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin. [*Noise of a Toad.*
2 *Witch.* Paddock calls.
1 *Witch.* Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[*Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Palace at Fores.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* ATTENDANTS, *meeting a bleeding* OFFICER.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Off. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdowald
From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
King. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Off. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Off. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exeunt* OFFICER *and two* ATTENDANTS.
Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Fife.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
Rosse. So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. God save the king!
King. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?
Macd. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
King. Great happiness!
Macd. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at St Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest;—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former titles greet Macbeth.
Macd. I'll see it done.
[*Exeunt* MACDUFF *and* LENOX.
King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter the Three WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—"Give me," quoth I.
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come
[*A March at a Distance.*

3 Witch. A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.

2 Witch. Thrice to thine,—

3 Witch. And thrice to mine,—

1 Witch. And thrice again,—

All. To make up nine.

1 Witch. Peace;—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, *and the Army.*

Macb. Command they make a halt upon the heath.

[*Within.*] Halt,—halt,—halt.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Fores?—What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if ye can:—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed,
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

All. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! [*Going.*

Macb. Stay,—you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting?

[*Thunder and Lightning.*—WITCHES *vanish.*

Speak, I charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted,
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and, when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his: Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Len. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Macd. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Macd. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose;
For treasons capital, confess'd, and proved,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those, that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But, 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles to betray us
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*March.—Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace at Fores.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING DUNCAN, DONALBAIN, MALCOLM, ROSSE, *and two* CHAMBERLAINS.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back;
But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,

That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACDUFF, MACBETH, BANQUO, *and* LENOX.

O, worthiest cousin
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you, whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside*.
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit* MACBETH.

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant:
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;
It is a peerless kinsman.
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums*.—*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

MACBETH'S *Castle, at Inverness.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a Letter.*

Lady. —— *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all hail'd me, "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great:
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;"
And that, which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;

And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter SEYTON.

What is your tidings?
Sey. The king comes here to-night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Sey. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news.— [*Exit* SEYTON.
The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal enterance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose; nor keep pace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"——

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see! .
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Gates of Inverness Castle.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING DUNCAN, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* ATTENDANTS.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the Heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH, SEYTON, *and two* LADIES.

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess!——
The love, that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid Heaven yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

MACBETH'S *Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well:
It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success.—That but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time!—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.—He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.—Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—How now! what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love.—Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,—
Letting, I dare not, wait upon, I would,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?
Macb. 'Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail——
Lady. We fail:—
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spungy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.—
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

MACBETH'S *Castle at Inverness.*

The Gallery.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a Torch.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. There's husbandry in Heaven,
Their candles are all out.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter SEYTON, *with a Torch, and* MACBETH.

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.—
I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!
[*Exeunt* FLEANCE *and* BANQUO.
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* SEYTON.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:——
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight; or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As that which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. [*A Clock strikes Two.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*
[*Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady. That, which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it;
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd "Murder!"
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cry'd, "God bless us:" and "Amen," the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"
To all the house,—
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
"Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil.—If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit* LADY MACBETH.
[*Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one—red.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white—[*Knock.*]—I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock.*]—Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'Twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Oh, 'would thou could'st! [*Exeunt.—Knock.*

Enter MACDUFF, LENOX, *and* SEYTON.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Sey. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?——
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH, *and exit* SEYTON.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.—
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit* MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New-hatch'd to the woeful time: The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night; some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder has broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is it you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Awake! awake!—
Ring the alarum bell!—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror!——
[*The Bell rings out.*

Enter BANQUO *and* ROSSE.

O, Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!

Enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chanc
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Mal. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows; they stared and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

[*Exeunt* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of Heaven I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together;
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Wood on the Skirt of a Heath.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter the Three WITCHES, *and a Chorus of* WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Speak, sister, speak,—is the deed done?
2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.
3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single; following crimes on former wait;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Chor. Many more murders must this one ensue;
Dread horrors still abound,
And every place surround,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.
1 *Witch.* He must,—
2 *Witch.* He shall,—
3 *Witch.* He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.
1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2 *Witch.* Agreed.
3 *Witch.* Agreed.
Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
1 *Witch.* When cattle die, about we go;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do?
Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.
2 *Witch.* When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,

And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do?
Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.
3 *Witch.* Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
1 *Witch.* Sometimes like brinded cats we show,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhime,—
Chor. Where still the mill clack does keep time.
2 *Witch.* Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetles singing drowsy hums;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
And when with none of these we meet,—
Chor. We dance to the echoes of our feet.
3 *Witch.* At the night raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble, we rejoice.
Chor. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

MACBETH'S *Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACDUFF, *meeting* LENOX.

Len. How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?

Len. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Len. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled: which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Len. 'Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition, that will raven up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
Len. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of his bones.
Len. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Len. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there!
—adieu!—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace at Fores.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;

But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings; if there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope?—
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*
But, hush; no more.

Enter MACBETH, *as* KING; SEYTON, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Macb. Here's our chief guest:
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;

When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—— [*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, Heaven be with you!— [*Exeunt.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?
Sey. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.— [*Exit* SEYTON.
To be thus, is nothing:—
But to be safely thus,—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep:—
He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
And mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings.——The seed of Banquo kings!—
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Enter SEYTON, *with two* OFFICERS.

[*Exit* SEYTON.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Off.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches?
Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
2 *Off.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
1 *Off.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
1 *Off.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Off.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us,——
1 *Off.* Though our lives——
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work),
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,

Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

1 *Off.* We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you strait; abide within.
[*Exeunt* OFFICERS.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *as* QUEEN, *and* SEYTON.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Sey. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the king I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Sey. Madam, I will. [*Exit* SEYTON.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,—
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it,
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
In restless ecstacy.——Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther!

Lady. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Park, near the Palace, at Fores.

Enter the two OFFICERS.

1 *Off.* The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
2 *Off.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
1 *Off.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.
2 *Off.* His horses go about.
1 *Off.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.
2 *Off.* A light, a light!
1 *Off.* 'Tis he.

Enter FLEANCE, *with a Torch, and* BANQUO.

Ban. It will rain to-night.
[*Exeunt* FLEANCE *and* BANQUO.
1 *Off.* Let it come down. [*Exeunt* OFFICERS.
Ban. [*Within.*] O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!—
Fle. [*Within.*] Murder! murder! murder!
Ban. [*Within.*] Thou may'st revenge.—O, slave
O, O, O! [*Dies.*

Enter OFFICERS.

1 *Off.* Who did strike out the light?
2 *Off.* Was't not the way?

1 *Off.* There's but one down; the son is fled.
2 *Off.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Off.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Banquetting Room, in the Palace, at Forres.

Music,—A Banquet prepared.

MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, SEYTON, ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, *&c. discovered.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.
Rosse. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.
Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—

Enter FIRST OFFICER.

There's blood upon thy face.
1 *Off.* 'Tis Banquo's, then.
Macb. Is he dispatch'd?
1 *Off.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance.
1 *Off.* Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect:
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?
1 *Off.* Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit* OFFICER.
Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness, sit?
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Len. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. 'Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!—
How say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those, that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly!
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd.
Too terrible for the ear; the times have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools! This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:——
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full.—
[SEYTON *pours out the Wine, and presents it to the King.*
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all.

BANQUO'S *Ghost appears.*

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If, trembling, I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrible shadow,
Unreal mockery, hence.—[*Exit Ghost.*] Why so;—being gone,
I am a man again.

Lady. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him; at once, good night.—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but the* KING *and* QUEEN.

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By maggot pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.—I will to-morrow,
(And by times I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The open Country.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter the three WITCHES, *meeting* HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.—
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal fatal end.

[*Exeunt the three* WITCHES.

SPIRITS *descend in* HECATE'S *Chair.*

1 *Spir.* Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O, come away!
Hec. Hark! I am call'd;—my little spirit see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.
2 *Spir.* Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O, come away!
Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.—
Where's Stadlin?
3 *Spir.* Here;—
Hec. Where's Puckle?
4 *Spir.* Here;—
5 *Spir.* And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too;
6 *Spir.* We want but you, we want but you.

Enter the Chorus of WITCHES.

Chor. Come away, make up the count.
Hec. With new-fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
1 *Spir.* Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.
Hec. Tell me, Spirit, tell what news?
2 *Spir.* All goes fair for our delight.
Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.

[HECATE *places herself in her Chair.*

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail in the air,
While the moon shines fair,

To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
Chor. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
[HECATE *and the* SPIRITS *ascend,—the* WITCHES *exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Cave:—in the Middle a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder.

The three WITCHES *discovered.*

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice: and once the hedge-pig whined.
3 *Witch.* Harper cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.——
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one;
Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charm'd pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, SPIRITS, *and the Chorus of* WITCHES.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and Song.

Hec. *Black spirits and white,*
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

1 Spir. *Tiffin, Tiffin,*
Keep it stiff in.
2 Spir. *Firedrake, Puckey,*
Make it lucky.
3 Spir. *Liard, Robin,*
You must bob in.
Chor. *Around, around, around, about, about;*
All ill come running in, all good keep out!
4 Spir. *Here's the blood of a bat.*
Hec. *Put in that, put in that.*
5 Spir. *Here's Libbara's brain.*
Hec. *Put in a grain.*
6 Spir. *Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder;*
Those will make the charm grow madder.
Hec. *Put in all these; 'twill raise a pois'nous stench!*
Hold—here's three ounces of a red-hair'd wench.
Chor. *Around, around, around, about, about;*
All ill come running in, all good keep out!
Hec. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:——
[*Noise without.*
Open, locks, whoever knocks.
[*Exeunt all but the three* WITCHES.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow:—Grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show. [*Thunder.*

FIRST APPARITION, *an armed Head, rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.——Dismiss me—Enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: But one word more—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first. [*Thunder.*

SECOND APPARITION, *a bloody Child, rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. [*Thunder.*

THIRD APPARITION, *a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!—
Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you!—
[*Thunder.—The Cauldron sinks.*
Let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron?
And what noise is this? [*A Groan.*

1 *Witch.* Show!

2 *Witch.* Show!

3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come, like shadows, so depart.
[*Apparitions of Eight Kings, the last with a Glass in his Hand; and* BANQUO, *pass across.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—and thy air
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags,
Why do you show me this?—A fourth? Start eyes!—
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more:—

Enter BANQUO.—*The* WITCHES *vanish.*

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What? is this so?
Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Sey. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Sey. No, indeed, my lord,
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horses: Who was't came by?
Sey. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Sey. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.—
Where are these gentlemen? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country,—in England.

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.
Mal. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties :—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee !—
Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended :
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke!
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds ; I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful;
But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness.
Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banished me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over credulous haste: But Heaven above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature.
What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,

All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.—See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good Heaven, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd: where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosss. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were all at peace when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is your time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let us make med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

LADY MACBETH'S *Rooms, in the Castle at Dunsinane.*

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN *and a* PHYSICIAN.

Phy. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Phy. What at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Phy. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.—Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Phy. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Phy. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Phy. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem

thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Phy. Hark, she speaks.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then, 'tis time to do't!—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie; a soldier, and afeard? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Phy. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean!—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Phy. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Phy. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:——I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out of his grave.

Phy. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit* LADY MACBETH.

Phy. Will she now go to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Phy. More needs she the divine than the physician.——

Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—
Good Heaven, forgive us all!
[*Exeunt* PHYSICIAN *and* GENTLEWOMAN.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Castle of Dunsinane.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter MACBETH *and six* GENTLEMEN.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was not he born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequence have pronounced me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth, no man, that's born of woman,
"Shall e'er have power on thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter SECOND OFFICER.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
2 *Off.* There is ten thousand——
Macb. Geese, villain?
2 *Off.* Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy! What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
2 *Off.* The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.— [*Exit* OFFICER.
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.—
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.—

Enter PHYSICIAN.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.— [*Exit* SEYTON.
How does your patient, doctor?
Phy. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Phy. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Enter SEYTON, *with the King's Truncheon, and a* GENTLEMAN, *with his Armour.*

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out:—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Phy. Ay, my good lord, your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*—[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Birnam Forest.—A March.

Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* SOLDIERS.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Macd. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Len. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Len. It shall be done.

Rosse. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Macd. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be gone,
Both more and less have given him the revolt:
And none serve with him but constrain'd things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Siw. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Macd. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[*March.—Exeunt into the Wood.*

SCENE IV.

The Ramparts of the Castle at Dunsinane.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls:
The cry is still "They come:" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A Cry within of Women.*

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, good my lord.

[*Exit* SEYTON.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and—to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing——

Enter FIRST OFFICER.

Thou comest to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

1 *Off.* Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

1 *Off.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

1 *Off.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:

Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much:—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth:—"Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:"—and now a wood
Comes towards Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the state o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back!
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Plain before the Castle at Dunsinane.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, *and* SOLDIERS, *with Boughs, discovered.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Len. This way, my lord, the castle's gently render'd.

Siw. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak: give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Alarums.—Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Court in the Castle at Dunsinane.

Alarums.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none. [*Alarums.—Exit.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* SOLDIERS.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded.
Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Alarums.—Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of the Castle at Dunsinane.

Alarums.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*Fight.—Alarums.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrite,
"Here you may see the tyrant."
Mach. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse!
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last;—
Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold! enough."
[*Alarums.—They fight.*—MACBETH *falls.*
Macb. *'Tis done! the scene of life will quickly close.*
Ambition's vain delusive dreams are fled,
And now I wake to darkness, guilt, and horror.—
I cannot rise:—I dare not ask for mercy——
It is too late;—hell drags me down;—I sink,
I sink;—my soul is lost for ever!—Oh!—Oh!—
[Dies.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Shout, &c.

Enter MALCOLM, ROSSE, LENOX, SIWARD, GENTLEMEN, *and* SOLDIERS.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. King of Scotland, hail!

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,

And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*

THE END.

LIBRARY
OFFICE
BOMBAY
RAJ BHAVAN

JULIUS CÆSAR

GHOST. THY EVIL SPIRIT, BRUTUS.
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Painted by Howard. Published by Longman & Co March. 1816. Engraved by J.Smith.

JULIUS CÆSAR;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

It rarely happens, that a theatre is enriched by a number of male performers, equal to the task of representing those great historical characters, which Shakspeare has here pourtrayed with his usual truth of delineation.

The theatres of London, at the present era, can boast of actors to set all such difficulties at defiance; and yet it has been thought adviseable, for some years past, that this tragedy should not appear upon the stage.

When men's thoughts are deeply engaged on public events, historical occurrences, of a similar kind, are only held proper for the contemplation of such minds as know how to distinguish, and to appreciate, the good and the evil with which they abound. Such discriminating judges do not compose the whole audience of a play-house; therefore, when the circumstances of certain periods make certain incidents of history most interesting, those are the very seasons to interdict their exhibition.

Till the time of the world's repose, then, the lovers of the drama will, probably, be compelled to accept of real conspiracies, assassinations, and the slaughter of war, in lieu of such spectacles, ably counterfeited.

Dr Johnson has said of this play—"I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the true story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius."

Had Johnson lived in the present time, perhaps this very "adherence to the true story" would have excited that warmth and that interest, of the absence of which he complains. A relish for the food of the mind is to be created by a certain stimulus, the same as an appetite for the nourishment of the body; and in these days, political wonders occur to inspire a more than common concern about all those that are past.

In this admirable drama is a short, and yet exact, narration of the most remarkable crisis in the Roman history. Every character is described by a faithful pen—every virtuous and every wicked design nicely explained, by a penetrating and an impartial commentator upon the heart of man.

Voltaire's tragedy, on the same subject, has a degree of peculiar interest, on account of his representing, though from doubtful authority, the close relationship, which subsisted between Cæsar and Brutus, as father and son; but the sympathy awakened by truth, and nothing but known truth, is surely more forcible with the generality of readers, than that which arises from a source, the least tending towards fiction.

Some critics have objected to Shakspeare's conti-

nuation of the play after the death of Cæsar; supposing that great event would have been more powerful than any other for the catastrophe; but it is hardly possible to read to the end, and wish any thing altered; unless, perhaps, that Cæsar's character had been rendered more prominent in those few scenes where he is introduced. The drama is not, however, designed to represent the life, but solely the death, of Julius Cæsar. The poet has not attempted to show in action, even by one important incident, how this conqueror of the world lived,—but merely how he died.

In so short a composition as a play some characters must necessarily be compressed; and, in the original editions of this work, Cicero's has been more than any other diminished. That celebrated orator is there placed amongst the dramatist personæ, and has scarcely been given a word to say.

The following account from Upton will be of use to the reader:

"The real length of time in 'Julius Cæsar' is as follows: About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantic festival, sacred to Pan, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the royal crown was offered him by Marc Antony. On the 15th of March, in the same year, he was slain. A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR	*Mr Clarke.*
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR	*Mr Wroughton.*
ANTONY	*Mr Smith.*
BRUTUS	*Mr Bensley.*
CASSIUS	*Mr Hull.*
CASCA	*Mr Gardner.*
TREBONIUS	*Mr Perry.*
LIGARIUS	*Mr Holton.*
DECIUS BRUTUS	*Mr Davis.*
METELLUS	*Mr Cushing.*
CINNA	*Mr Bates.*
1 PLEBEIAN	*Mr Hamilton.*
2 PLEBEIAN	*Mr Quick.*
3 PLEBEIAN	*Mr Dunstall.*
PINDARUS	*Mr R. Smith.*
PORTIA	*Mrs Hartley.*
CALPHURNIA	*Mrs Vincent.*

GUARDS *and* ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—For the first three Acts, at Rome; afterwards at an Isle near Mutina, at Sardis, and Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Rome.

A Street.

A great Tumult without.

Enter CASCA *and* TREBONIUS, *meeting a Throng of* PLEBEIANS.

Casca. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Ple.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Tre. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?—You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Ple.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Tre. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Ple.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

Casca. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Ple.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Casca. What mean'st by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Ple.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Tre. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Ple.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no trade—man's matters, nor woman's matters,—but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Tre. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Ple.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Casca. Wherefore rejoice? what conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,

That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Tre. Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* PLEBEIANS.

Casca. See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the capitol;
This way will I.—Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with Cæsar's trophies.

Tre. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Casca. It is no matter:
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who, else, would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome.

A Public Place.

Music.

The SOOTHSAYER *discovered at an Altar.*

Enter in Procession, Standards of S. P. Q. R.— PRIESTS, SENATORS, DECIUS, METELLUS, CINNA, POPILIUS LENAS, CASSIUS, TREBONIUS, CASCA, CLITUS, SERVIUS, STRATO, PINDARUS, TITINIUS, FLAVIUS, BRUTUS, LUCIUS, VARRO, VIRGINS, CALPURNIA, MATRONS.

[*Great Shouts.*]

Enter LICTORS, LEPIDUS, JULIUS CÆSAR, ANTONY, *Standards, a Star, Golden Eagles, Silver Eagles, and* GUARDS.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Ant. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for, our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Ant. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, *Cæsar:* Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

[LICTORS, GUARDS, *&c. make way for the* SOOTHSAYER.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.
[*Music.—Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was won't to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: If I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vex'd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester: if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And, after, scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*A shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting?—I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think, you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But, wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I,—as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder,
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*A Shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*A Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not—so with love I might entreat you,—
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.—
[*Three Shouts.*
The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
[*Music.*

Enter Standards of S. P. Q. R.—LICTORS,—LEPIDUS, ANTONY, CÆSAR,—*Standards, a Star,*—*Golden Eagles,*—*Silver Eagles,*—GUARDS,—SENATORS,—TREBONIUS, CASCA,—CINNA, POPILIUS,—DECIUS *and* METELLUS.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Music.—Exeunt all but* BRUTUS, CASCA, *and* CASSIUS.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced today,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery; I did not mark it.—I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choaked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we've the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down:—If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me.—Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No; I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay; if I be alive, and your mind hold—and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.
Casca. Do so:—Farewell both. [*Exit* CASCA.
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.
Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And so it is.—For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so.
Bru. Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.—Fare you well.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.
Cas. Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.—I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Rome.

A Street.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter CASSIUS, *meeting* CASCA.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Cassius, what night is this?
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.—
Now, could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief,
Where hast thou led me! I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then, I know,
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes furthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now, know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me

In Pompey's porch:—— [*Thunder and Lightning.*
For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. [*Going.*

Casca. Stand close awhile; for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I'm glad on't.— [*Thunder.*
What a fearful night is this!

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party,——

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go;
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
[*Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome.

Brutus's Garden.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That, at his will, he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But, when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again: it is not day.—
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

[*Lightning.—Exit* LUCIUS.

The exhalations, whizzing in the air,

Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the Paper, and reads.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,——
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out,—
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?—
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.—
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O, Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
Bru. Tis good,— [*Knocking without.*
Go to the gate; somebody knocks.— [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first
Did whet me against Cæsar, I've not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir;

They have their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter.— [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, *followed by* TREBONIUS, DECIUS, CASCA, CINNA, *and* METELLUS, *with their faces muffled in their gowns.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus: Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.—
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.—
This is Trebonius. [*They all uncover their faces.*
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They're all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word?
[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *retire, and talk apart.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Tre. O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my hand, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *advance.*

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath; if not the faiths of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So, let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress?—
Unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Met. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Tre. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then, leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
Oh, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:—
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;
For, in the engrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Casca. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Tre. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flatter'd.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?
Casca. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Tre. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Trebonius, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; But, all, remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:
Let not our looks put out our purposes;
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,

With untired spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS, *muffling their faces in their gowns again.*

Enter PORTIA, *as they are taking leave of* BRUTUS.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks,
And, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. [*Raising her.*] Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife:
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withall,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but, withall,
I a woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O, ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!—
[*Knocking without.*
Hark, hark! one knocks.—

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. [*Aside.*] Caius Ligarius, that Trebonius spoke of.—

Portia, go in a while:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,—
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.—Leave me with haste.—
[*Exit* PORTIA.

I come to him.

[*Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rome.

An Apartment in CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!—Who's within?

Enter FLAVIUS.

Fla. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanish'd.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Recounts most horrid visions seen to-night:
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
And ghosts did shriek, and gibber in the streets.
O, Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?—
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.—

Enter FLAVIUS.

What say the augurers?
Fla. They would not have you to stir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS.
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear:
No; Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord!
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own:
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well:
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.—

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius; he shall go and tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false! and, that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the senate;
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for evils imminent;
And on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
To you for tinctures, stains, and cognizance:
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now: The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!—
I am ashamed that I did yield to them.—
And look, where other friends are come to fetch me.
[*Exit* CALPHURNIA.

Enter CASCA *and* BRUTUS.

Casca. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius Casca.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
I thank you for your pains and courtesy.—

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—
Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Enter CINNA, METELLUS, *and* TREBONIUS.

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius?

I have an hour's talk in store for you:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tre. Cæsar, I will:—[*Aside.*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Rome.

A Street near the Capitol.

Enter the SOOTHSAYER, *reading a Scroll.*

Sooth. CÆSAR, *beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee!*
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*He retires a little.*

Enter LUCIUS *and* PORTIA.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the capitol, and nothing else?

Por. Yes; bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well;
For he went sickly forth: And take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.—
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Por. [*Seeing the Soothsayer.*] Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended tow'rds him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance. [*Exit* SOOTHSAYER.

Por. I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is!—O, Brutus, Brutus,
The heaven speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry! come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome.

The Capitol.

A Flourish of Instruments.

The Senate sitting.

CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, SENATORS, *and others, discovered.*

Enter the SOOTHSAYER.

Sooth. Hail, Cæsar!
Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.—Hail!—Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Sooth. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last served.
Sooth. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Dec. Sirrah, give place. [*Exit* SOOTHSAYER.

Enter POPILIUS LENAS.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Bru. What said Popilius Lenas?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discover'd.
Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden; for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back;
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lenas speaks not of our purposes:
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
[*Exeunt* TREBONIUS *and* ANTONY.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[METELLUS *advances towards* CÆSAR.
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd; press near, and second him.
Cas. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready?—What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart;— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel fawning:
Thy brother by decree is banish'd;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor, without cause,
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world: 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Decius bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[METELLUS *lays hold on* CÆSAR'S *robe;*—CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck:*—CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm:*—*He is then stabbed by the other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.— [*Dies.*

Bru. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Cas. Run hence, proclaim it;—cry about the streets,

Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement!

[*The* SENATORS *and* ATTENDANTS *are retiring in great confusion.*

Bru. People, and Senators!—Be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—Ambition's debt is paid:
There is no harm intended to your persons,
Nor to no Roman else:—so tell them, Lenas.

Cas. Leave us, Popilius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:—

[*Exeunt* POPILIUS LENAS *and* LEPIDUS.

And let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers,

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we'll know your pleasures:—
That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.—
On, Romans, on;—
With hands and swords besmear'd in Cæsar's blood,
Thus walk we forth, even to the market-place;

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Cas. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now at Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Casca. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter SERVIUS.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Ser. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him:
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honoured him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Through the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit* SERVIUS.
Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much.

Enter ANTONY, SERVIUS, *and* STRATO.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
And our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased

The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say!
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—
Most noble,—in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart!
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so:
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside.*] You know not what you do: Do not consent,
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. [*Aside.*] By your pardon:—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. [*Aside.*] I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY, SERVIUS, *and* STRATO.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war!
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

Enter FLAVIUS, CLITUS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

News from Octavius Cæsar, is it not?

Fla. It is, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Fla. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
He writes, that I should say to you,——O Cæsar!—

[*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep,
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is Octavius coming?

Fla. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post off with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.—
Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.—
Come, bring the body on.

[*Exeunt with* CÆSAR'S *Body.*

SCENE III.

Rome.

A Street.

Enter CINNA, *with the Cap of Liberty, a Throng of* PLEBEIANS,—BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, DECIUS, METELLUS, *with their Swords drawn,—and another Throng of* PLEBEIANS.

All the Ple. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, come to the Forum.
Cas. Those that will follow Cassius, go with me;
And public reason shall be render'd
Of Cæsar's death.
Several Ple. We will hear Brutus speak.

Several Ple. We will hear Cassius.

[*Exeunt* CINNA *and* BRUTUS *with the greater part of the* PLEBEIANS,—CASSIUS, *and the other* CONSPIRATORS, *with the rest of them.*

SCENE IV.

Rome.

The Forum.

Enter a Throng of PLEBEIANS, BRUTUS, *and another Crowd of* PLEBEIANS.

[BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*]

All the Ple. Silence! silence!

2 *Ple.* The noble Brutus is ascended:—Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.—Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer;—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears for his love; joy, for his fortune; ho-

nour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All the Ple. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

All the Ple. Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!

1 *Ple.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house:—

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

2 *Ple.* Let him be Cæsar.

All the Ple. Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!—

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Ple.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

Bru. Here comes Cæsar's body mourn'd by Mark Antony,—

Enter GUARDS, *bearing* CÆSAR'S *Body on a Hearse*, ANTONY, SERVIUS, STRATO, *and* CLITUS.

Good countrymen, let me withdraw alone;
I do entreat no man of you will stir;
But, for my sake, stay here with Antony,
Do grace to Cæsar's corse; and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

[BRUTUS *leaves the Rostrum.*

With this I depart,—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. [*Exit* BRUTUS.

All the Ple. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Ple.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
[ANTONY *goes into the Rostrum.*
2 *Ple.* What does he say of Brutus?
1 *Ple.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
2 *Ple.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Ple.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
2 *Ple.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All the Ple. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men),—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. [*Weeps.*

1 *Ple.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings;

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

2 *Ple.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Ple.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

2 *Ple.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Ple.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

2 Ple. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

All the Ple. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends: I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

1 Ple. Read the will; we will hear it; Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

2 Ple. They were traitors: Honourable men!

All the Ple. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

2 Ple. Descend: you shall have leave.

All the Ple. Come down, come down!

[ANTONY *quits the Rostrum.*

1 Ple. Room for Mark Antony;—most noble Antony!

All the Ple. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.—
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Ple.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Ple.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Ple.* O woeful day!

4 *Ple.* O traitors, villains!

2 *Ple.* We will be revenged! revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Ple.* Peace there!—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Ple.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him!

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All the Ple. We'll mutiny!

2 Ple. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

1 Ple. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All the Ple. Peace, ho!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what;
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
You have forgot the will I told you of.

2 Ple. Most true;—the will;—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Ple. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All the Ple. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar; When comes such another?

2 Ple. Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And, with the brands, fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

[*They raise the Hearse on which* CÆSAR's *Body lies.*

1 Ple. Go, fetch fire.—Pluck down benches,—

3 Ple. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

4 Ple. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands.

1 Ple. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all!

2 Ple. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's,

3 Ple. Some to Trebonius'.

All the Ple. Away; go.

[*Exeunt the* PLEBEIANS, *bearing* CÆSAR's *Body, with great noise and tumult.*

Ant. Now let it work:—Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter FLAVIUS *hastily.*

Fla. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Fla. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And, in this mood, will give us any thing.

Fla. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Plain near Sardis.

The Camp of Brutus.

A Flourish of Trumpets.

[BRUTUS, VARRO, LUCIUS, *and others, without.*]

Bru. Stand here.—Give the word, ho! and stand.
Var. Stand!
Luc. Stand!

Enter BRUTUS, VARRO, LUCIUS, *an Eagle,* LICTORS, *&c. meeting* METELLUS *and* PINDARUS.

Bru. What now, Metellus? Is Cassius near?
Met. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a Letter to* BRUTUS.
Bru. He greets me well —Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.— [*Exit* PINDARUS.

A word, Metellus:
How he received you, let me be resolved.
Met. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Metellus,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.— [*A distant sound of Trumpets.*
Comes his army on?
Met. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Trumpets sound nearer.*
Bru. Hark, he is arrived.

[CASSIUS, TREBONIUS, TITINIUS, PINDARUS, *and others, without.*

Cas. Stand, ho!
Tre. Stand.
Tit. Stand.
Pin. Stand.

Enter CASSIUS, TREBONIUS, TITINIUS, PINDARUS, *an Eagle*, LICTORS, *&c.*

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them,—
Bru. Cassius, be content:

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then, in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

[*Exeunt* PINDARUS, *Eagle*, LICTORS, *&c.*

Bru. Metellus, do the like:—

[*Exeunt* METELLUS, *Eagle*, LICTORS, *&c.*

And let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Tent of Brutus.

A Table, Papers, Chairs, Cushions, &c.

Enter CASSIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I, an itching palm!—
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March,—the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?—
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.—
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?
Cas. Ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more.—Fret, till your proud heart break.—

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble: Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour?—By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,—
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace: you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and, young Octavius, come
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman: all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar: for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.—
Metellus and Titinius!

Enter TITINIUS *and* METELLUS.

Bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Trebonius with you,
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt* TITINIUS *and* METELLUS.
Bru. Lucius!—

Enter LUCIUS.

A bowl of wine. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,—
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came; with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods

Enter LUCIUS, *with a Taper,—and* VARRO, *with a Jar of Wine and a Goblet.*

[LUCIUS *places the Taper on the Table, and takes the Jar from* VARRO.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
[*Exeunt* VARRO *and* LUCIUS.

Enter TITINIUS, TREBONIUS, *and* METELLUS.

Bru. Come in, Titinius;—Welcome, good Trebonius.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
[TREBONIUS, TITINIUS, *and* METELLUS *sit.*
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *sit.*
Trebonius, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition towards Philippi.
Tre. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Tre. That, by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death a hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions,—Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Tre. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Brutus, had you your letters from your wife?
Bru. No, Trebonius.
Tre. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Trebonius.
Tre. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Tre. No, Brutus.
Bru. [*Rises.*] Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Tre. [*Rises.*] Then, like a Roman, bear the truth I tell:
For certain, she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia!—
[*They all rise, and advance.*
We must die, Trebonius:—
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Cas. Even so great men great losses should endure.—
I have as much of this in art as you;
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged:
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother,—
Bru. Under your pardon:—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.—
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more.—Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown.—Farewell, good Trebonius;

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother;
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.—
Good night, good brother:—Farewell, every one.—
[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, TREBONIUS,—
and METELLUS.

Enter LUCIUS *with a Gown, and Book.*

Give me my book. [LUCIUS *gives the Book.*
Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent. [*Goes for his Lute.*
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Varro, and some other of my friends;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Metellus! Varro!

Enter METELLUS *and* VARRO.

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Met. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so, lie down, good sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.—
[METELLUS *and* VARRO *retire, and lie down.*
Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much; but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

If I do live I will be good to thee.—
[LUCIUS *begins to play, but soon falls asleep.*
This is a mournful tune.—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays the music?—Gentle knave, good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: So,—good boy, good night!—
Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.—
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay,—at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Lucius!—Metellus!—Varro!—Sirs, awake!
Met. My lord!—
Luc. My lord!— } *Together,—advancing.*
Var. My lord!—
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Met. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: Saw you any thing?
Met. No, my lord; I saw nothing.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

A Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, FLAVIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *Standards, S. P. Q. R., Golden Eagles,* LICTORS, *and* GUARDS.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter SERVIUS.

Ser. Prepare you, generals;

The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*A Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter CASSIUS, BRUTUS, TREBONIUS, METELLUS, TITINIUS, PINDARUS, *Ensign of Battle, Standards, S. P. Q. R., Silver Eagles,* LICTORS, *and* GUARDS.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.—
Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows is yet unknown;
But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing makes us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—
I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* ATTENDANTS.
Cas. Why now, blow, wind! swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.—
Most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befal.
If we lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind.—But, this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun:
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But, it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Plains of Philippi.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums.

Enter CASSIUS, *with an Eagle in his hand, and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. O look, Trebonius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tre. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed. [*Alarums.*

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Trebonius:—
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tre. They are, my lord. [*Alarums.*
Cas. Trebonius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again, that I may rest assured,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tre. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit* TREBONIUS.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Trebonius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Without.*] O, my lord!—

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Without.*] Trebonius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on:—
Now they are almost on him:—Now, Trebonius!—
Now some 'light: O, he lights too:—he's ta'en:—
[*Shouts, and Flourish of Trumpets.*
And hark,—
They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!—

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—
[PINDARUS *takes the Sword, and* CASSIUS *runs upon it.*
Cæsar, thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So am I free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

[*Alarums.*]

Enter TREBONIUS, *with a Laurel Crown on his Head, and* TITINIUS.

Tit. It is but change, Trebonius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tre These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Tit. Where did you leave him?

Tre. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Tit. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tre. He lies not like the living.—O, my heart!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.—
What, Pindarus! Where art thou Pindarus?

Tit. Seek him, Trebonius; while I go to bring
The noble Brutus to this piercing sight.
[*Exit* TITINIUS.

Tre. Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.

Enter TITINIUS, BRUTUS, METELLUS, LUCIUS, VARRO,—*Standards, S. P. Q. R.—Silver Eagles,*—LICTORS, *and* GUARDS.

Bru. Where, where, Titinius, doth his body lie?

Tit. Lo, yonder,—and Trebonius mourning it.

Bru. O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet;
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
Stoop, soldiers, stoop,—and bear the body hence.—
[*Soldiers prepare to bear away the Body.*
Now let us to the field; for yet ere-night
We will try fortune in a second fight.
[*Alarums.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Plains of Philippi.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums.

Enter FLAVIUS, TITINIUS, SERVIUS, *Standards, S. P. Q. R.—Silver Eagles,*—LICTORS,—*and* GUARDS.

Fla. Run, ho!—Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
Ser. Here comes the general.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter ANTONY, CLITUS, STRATO, *Standards, S. P. Q. R.—Golden Eagles,*—LICTORS,—*and* GUARDS.

Fla. Brutus is ta'en, my lord,—Brutus is ta'en.
Ant. Where is he?
Tit. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies.
This is not Brutus, sirs; but, I assure you,
A prize well worth a soldier's arm.—Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanced.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt* SERVIUS *and* FLAVIUS,—ANTONY, TITINIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, &c.

SCENE IV.

The Plains of Philippi.

Another Part of the Field.

A Retreat sounded.

Enter METELLUS, BRUTUS, VARRO, *and* LUCIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, let's rest us here.—
Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion.—Hark thee, Lucius.
[*Whispering him.*

Luc. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Luc. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Come hither, good Metellus: list a word.—
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Met. Brutus! Not so.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is.
Thou see'st the world, Metellus, how it goes:
Our enemies have beat us to the pit;
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us.—Good Metellus,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword hilts, whilst I run on it.
Met. Brutus, that's not an office for a friend.
[*Alarums.*
Luc. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Metellus.—
Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.—
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By their vile conquest shall attain unto.—
Retire, and let me think awhile.
[*They withdraw to a little distance.*
Luc. Look, he meditates.
Met. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. This was the justest cause that ever men
Did draw their swords for; and the gods renounce it.—
Disdaining life, to live a slave in Rome,
Thus Brutus strikes his last—for liberty!—
[*He stabs himself.*
Farewell,
Beloved country!—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

A Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, TITINIUS, SERVIUS, FLAVIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *Standards, Star, S. P. Q. R., Golden Eagles, Silver Eagles,* LICTORS, *and* GUARDS.

Oct. What man is that?

Tit. 'Tis Brutus' man.—Where is thy master, Lucius?

Luc Free from the bondage you are in, Titinius:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Tit. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Titinius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.

Ant. Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Flourish of Martial Instruments.—Exeunt.*

THE END.

MARSH
OPTIC
BOMBAY

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

ATTENDANT — A HEAVY SIGHT
ACT IV SCENE IX.

Painted by Howard. Pub. by Longman & Co 1816. Engraved by C. Heath.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA;

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

T. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

REMARKS.

In this little book are contained historical facts, taken from one of the most important eras in the Roman history. These facts include a well-known love-tale, great state negociations, and two famous battles, the one by sea, the other by land.

Events, thus remarkable, are here related by a poet, faithful in all historical recitals, and blessed with penetration to behold the inmost recesses of the heart of man; from whence he has ever curiously traced those actions which have made, or marred, his hero's fortune; and filled the world with surprise, terror, admiration!

The reader will, in the following pages, contemplate the Triumvirs of Rome as men, as well as emperors—he will see them with their domestic habits on; one toying with his mistress, another in the enjoyment of his bottle; a third longing, like a child, for a gaudy procession; and all these three rulers of the earth, ruled by some sinister passion.

The reader will be also introduced to the queen of Egypt, in her undress, as well as in her royal robes; he will be, as it were, admitted to her toilet, where, in converse with her waiting-woman, she will suffer

him to arrive at her most secret thoughts and designs: and he will quickly perceive, that the arts of a queen with her lover, are just the same as those practised by any other beauty.—"If you find Antony sad," cries Cleopatra, to her female attendant, "say I am dancing; if he is in mirth, report that I am suddenly sick."

These natural contrivances of artful woman, labouring to make her conquest and her power secure, are even outdone in truth of description, by that fretful impatience, with which she is tortured, in the absence of Antony from Egypt: By the gloom which the poet has spread throughout her whole palace, whilst he is away; and, by the silly sentences, which, during this restless period, she is impelled to utter.

"Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?"

Silly sentences to all who never were in love, but sensible, and most intelligent, to all who ever were.

Equal to the foregoing conversation, is that, in which this impassioned queen makes anxious inquiry, concerning the charms of her rival Octavia. But those minute touches of nature, by which Shakspeare proves a queen to be a woman, are, perhaps, the very cause, why Dryden's picture of the Egyptian court, is preferred, on the stage, before this. There are things so diminutive, they cannot be perceived

This drama was scarcely known on the stage for the last century, till Mr Hull, in 1779, then deputy manager of Covent Garden theatre, curtailed, and made other judicious alterations and arrangements, by which it was rendered attractive for some nights, and afterwards placed upon the list of plays that are generally performed during every season.

In representing the pair of twin brothers on the stage, their dress is the chief part of their likeness one to the other. Thus, representation gives an additional improbability; yet it is necessary that the audience should not see with the supposed eyes of the persons of the drama, for, unless the audience could distinguish one brother from another, which their companions on the stage pretend not to do, the audience themselves would be dupes to the similarity of appearance, instead of laughing at the dupes engaged in the scene.

In most of the old comedies, there is seemingly a great deal of humour designed in the beating of servants:—this is a resource for mirth, of which modern authors are deprived, because the custom is abolished, except in the West Indies; and, even there, not considered of humorous tendency. As far as the usage was ever known to produce comic effect, this play may boast of being comical.

It is suggested by a critic, that the following lines, being a translation from Plautus, in 1595, might have given to Shakspeare the general plan upon which he founded this drama.

" Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicell merchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other;
" The first his father lost, a little lad;
" The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
" That citizens there take him for the same:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
" Much pleasant error, ere they meet together."

Cle. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cle. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new Heaven, new earth.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Attend. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:—The sum?
Cle. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you—"Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cle. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer; your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore, hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say; both?
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!
[*Calling.*
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space:
Kingdoms are clay; the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus. [*Kisses her hand.*
Cle. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. Now, for the love of Love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?
Cle. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine. Come, come, my queen!—
Speak not to us. [*To the* ATTENDANT.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and Train.*
Philo. Triumphant lady!—But, since messengers,
From many his contriving friends, in Rome,
Petition his return, now Antony
Must leave her utterly.
Can. Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies.
Philo. I am full sorry that he so approves
The common liar, who, we oft have heard,
Thus speaks of him at Rome. But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ANTONY; PROCULEIUS *following.*

Pro. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Pro. Ay:

But soon that war had end; and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well,
What worst?
Pro. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On;
Things that are past are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.
Pro. Labienus
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia.
His conquering banner from Euphrates shook,
From Syria to Lydia, and Ionia;
Whilst——
Ant. Antony, thou would'st say——
Pro. O, my lord!——
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults,
With such full licence as both truth and malice,
Have power to utter.
From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
Pro. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?
Attend. [*Without.*] He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear:—And fare thee well awhile,
Pro. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter a MESSENGER.

What are you?
Mes. Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
Mes. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else, more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this tells. [*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me—— [*Exit* MESSENGER.
There's a great spirit gone! thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again: She's good, being lost:
The hand could pluck her back, that forced her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now, Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must hence; hence with haste.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. If they suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly. I have seen her die twenty times, upon a far poorer occasion.
Ant. She is cunning, past man's thought. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia!
Ant. Dead.
Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then were the case to be lamented:—the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.
Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose: I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen.
Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick removal hence.
Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS, *discovered.*

Cle. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cle. [*To* ALEXAS.] See where he is, who's with him, what he does.——
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cle. What should I do I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cle. Thou teachest like a fool;—the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cle. I am sick and sullen. [*To* CHARMION *aside.*
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.
Cle. Help me away, dear Charmion, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen——

Cle. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cle. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news;
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis *I* that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; her's you are.
Ant. The gods best know——
Cle. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treason planted.
Ant. Cleopatra——
Cle. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you, in swearing, shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen!
Cle. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going;
But, bid farewell, and go; when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows, and none our parts so poor,
But was a race of Heaven.
Ant. Hear me, queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cle. Her death!—Can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen.
Cle. O, most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine shall be received.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give advice. Now, by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go out hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cle. Cut my lace, Charmion; come:
But let it be; I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cle. So was Fulvia told:——
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling: and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cle. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword——

Cle. And target,—still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmion,
How this Herculian Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cle. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part; but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is, I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your majesty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cle. Your honour calls you hence:
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! On your sword

Sit laurell'd victory; and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go:—Come on;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and their Trains.*

Cæs. You may see Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchafed to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults,
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken *all* his goodness.
His faults, in him, seem as hereditary
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
Cæs. You are too indulgent. Grant it not amiss
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;

To reel the streets at noon; say this becomes him;
(As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish;) yet is Antony
No way excused; for to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As our state, with his own,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, ripening into knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Pompey is strong at sea;
And, it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's opinions
Give him much wrong'd.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menacrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels: when thou once
From Mutina wert beaten, at thy heel
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer; nor disdain'd
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The bark of trees thou browsed'st—and all this
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shame quickly

Drive him to Rome. Time is it that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' th' field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know, meantime,
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir,
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *supporting herself on* IRAS; CHARMION *and* MARDION *following.*

Cle. Charmion—
Char. Madam.
Cle. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away!
Char. You think of him
Too much.
Cle. O, Charmion!
Where think'st thou he is now?
Or does he walk, or is he on his horse?
O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
movest?
The demy-Atlas of the earth, the arm,
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring,—"Where's my serpent of old Nile?"

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cle. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With its tinct gilded thee.
What tidings of my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many double kisses,
This orient pearl;—his speech sticks in my heart.
Cle. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say—the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This— [*Giving a pearl.*
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the East
Say thou, shall call her mistress.—So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
That neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoken
Was dumb'd by him.
Cle. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the
extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.
Cle. O, well-directed disposition! note him,
Note him, good Charmion, 'tis the man; but note
him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt, with his joy; but between both.
O, heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,

The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?
Cle. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmion;—
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in LEPIDUS' *House, at Rome.*

Enter LEPIDUS *and* ENOBARBUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that's then born in't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MÆCENAS.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Canidius! [*Speaking aside to* CANIDIUS.
Cæs. I do not know, Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.
Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir!
Cæs. Nay, then——
Lep. Noble friends,
That which convened us, was most great; and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus——
[*They sit*—LEPIDUS *in the middle*—ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, *and* CANIDIUS, *on one side*—CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, *and* AGRIPPA *on the other.*
[*To* CÆSAR.] I learn you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when, to sound your name,
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practised?
Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall: Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you;—you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business: My brother never
Did urge me in this act;—of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you have not to make it with)
It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which, with a snaffle,
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and, with taunts,
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar.
Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it; but, on, Cæsar;—
The article of my oath,——
Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I required them;
The which you both refused.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness: Truth is,—Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Cæs. I do not much mislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar——
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia;—great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa.
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: Let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
Her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, Agrippa, be it so,
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment. [*They rise.*
Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour,
The hearts of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,

Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness shall detain me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cle. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.—No, let it be.
We'll to the river;—there I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes: as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah! Ha! you're caught."
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cle. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and, that night,
I laugh'd him into patience; and, next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I laugh'd him to his bed;
Then put my ties and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Phillippan.—O! from Italy——

Enter MARDION.

Mar. Madam, madam——
Cle. Antony's dead?—If thou say so,
Villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;—but well, and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here,
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled, kissing.
Mar. First, madam, he is well.
Cle. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say, the dead are well; if he be dead,
(And I perceive no goodness in thy face)
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mar. Will't please you hear me?
Cle. I have a mind to spurn thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mar. Madam, he's well.
Cle. Well said.
Mar. And friends with Cæsar.
Cle. Thou art an honest man.
Mar. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cle. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mar. But yet, madam——
Cle. I do not like, but yet; it does allay
The good precedence. 'Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.
Mar. Free, madam? No; I made no such report:
He's——married to Octavia.
Cle. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
Mar. Good madam, have patience.
Cle. What say you?—hence!
Mar. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cle. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud:
And I will boot thee with what gift beside,
Thy modesty can beg.—Come hither, sir.
Mar. I have done my duty.
Cle. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worse than now I do,
If thou again say, yes.
Mar. Too sure he is; and, ere I quitted Rome,
He and Octavia had embark'd for Athens.
[*Exit* MARDION.
Char. Good, your highness, patience.
Cle. Lead me hence,
I faint: O, Iras, Charmion!—'Tis no matter—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go! Pity me, Charmion,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S *House.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable; that, and thousands more
Of semblable import;—but since we married,
And have dwelt here, in Athens, he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when, perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold, and sickly,
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:—Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us. Meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother; speed you then to Rome,—
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. Well, well, the ship awaits you in the harbour:
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.

Oct. Oh, my lord—Farewell!

Ant. The April's in thy eyes;
Thy tongue will not obey thy heart, nor will
Thy heart inform thy tongue: the swan's down feather
Thus stands upon the swell, at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.—Come on, Octavia;
I'll lead thee to the shore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

CLEOPATRA *and* IRAS *discovered.* CLEOPATRA *pensively reclined on a Couch.*

Cle. Athens may well be proud! it circles, now,
Within its walls, Bellona's paragon;
The man of men;—ay me! the married man.
Would that Mark Antony could see me thus!
Sure he would sigh, for he is noble-natured,
And bears a tender heart. I know him well—

Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now, 'tis past.
Iras. Let it be past with you—
Forget him, madam.
Cle. Never, never, Iras.
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Char. The man, whom you dispatch'd in trust to Athens,
Newly return'd, now waits upon your will.
Cle. [*Starting up.*] Will Antony be kind?—or quite forsake me?
Is't life or death? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I died or lived.
Char. Madam, the messenger.

Enter MARDION.

Cle. Say,—had'st thou audience
Of great Mark Antony?
Mar. I found him, madam,
Encompass'd by a throng that shouted round him:—
When he beheld me struggling through the crowd,
He blush'd, and bade make way.
Cle. There's comfort yet! [*Apart from* MARDION.
Proceed.
Mar. I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and dishearted;
Told him, you only begg'd a last farewell;—
Presented next your letter, which he read,
Then fetch'd an inward groan, and only sigh'd,
As if his heart was breaking. Thus we parted.
Cle. [*Apart.*] That inward groan gives hopes he may be here,
If but to say, farewell.—Saw'st thou Octavia?
Mar. Madam, I did; for, as I reach'd the land,

I view'd her standing at her vessel's prow,
To sail for Italy: our barks approach'd
Almost to contact.
Cle. Italy! why thither?
Mar. To reconcile, at Rome, (so rumour spake)
Divisions which, of late, forebode a war
Between her lord and Cæsar.
Cle. Blest forebodings!
Long may divisions last, that can divide
That mate, ill-mated, from Mark Antony. [*Apart.*
Is she as tall as I?
Mar. She is not, madam.
Cle. Dwarfish!—he ne'er will like her long.
Char. O, Isis!
Like her? it is impossible.
Cle. I think so.—
What majesty is in her air? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mar. She stoops.
She shews a body, rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cle. Is this certain?
Mar. Or I have no observance.
Cle. There's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is't long, or round?
Mar. Round, even to faultiness.
Cle. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?
Mar. Brown, madam; and her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.
Cle. There is gold for thee.
[IRAS *gives him a purse.* *Exit* MARDION.
Char. A proper man.
Cle. Indeed, he is so; why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cle. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cle. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmion;—
But, 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Grand flourish.*

[*Shouting without.*] Antony! Antony!

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cle. O, this I prophesied!
[*Rushes forward to meet* ANTONY.
My love! my lord!
So quick to follow thus my messenger!—

Ant. Well, madam, we are met. [*Coldly.*

Cle. Is this a meeting?
Then, meet we but to part?

Ant. We must;—for ever.

Cle. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cle. We make those fates ourselves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have loved each other
Into our mutual ruin.

Cle. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in Heaven, and all the world
Is arm'd against my love: Even you yourself
Join with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do,
To late posterity; and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else favour me with silence.

Cle. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Eno. I like this well. He shows authority.
Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——
Cle. O, Heavens! I ruin you!
Ant. You promised me your silence, and you break it,
Ere I have scarce begun.
Cle. Well, I obey you.
Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: You gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your father on his throne, was for your sake;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen:
Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.
Cle. I clear'd myself.
Ant. Again you break your promise.
I loved you still, and took your weak excuses;
Took you into my bosom, stain'd by Cæsar,
And not half mine. I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world;
Shut out enquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.
Eno. 'Tis all too true.
Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As she, indeed, had reason; raised a war
To call me back.—While in your arms I lay,
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp.
Cle. Yet may I speak?
Ant. If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else not.—
Your silence says, I have not. Fulvia died;
(Pardon, ye gods! with my unkindness died,)
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,

This Cæsar's sister; in her pride of youth,
And flower of beauty, did I wed that lady:
Whom, blushing, I must praise, for I have left her.
You call'd; my love has now obey'd the summons,
But, if I stay, 'twill raise the Roman arms.
If you have aught to answer,
Now speak—you have free leave.

Eno. Now lay a sigh i' th' way, to stop his passage;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cle. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my judge,
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate?
That, now, is turn'd against me; that destroys me;
For, love once past is, at the best, forgotten;
But oft'ner sours to hate: 'twill please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
Here then I end. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desired
T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach. We're both unhappy.
If nothing else, yet your ill fortune parts us.
Speak, would you have me perish by my stay?

Cle. If as a friend you ask my judgment, go;
If as a lover, stay. If you must perish,
'Tis a hard word, but stay.
Now judge my love by this.

[*Giving* ANTONY *a writing.*

Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had given me means.

Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
I know it well.—
See, Enobarbus! here he offers Egypt,
And joins all Syria to it as a present;

So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,
And join her arms with his.
Cle. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony, and yet I love you,
Indeed I do; I have refused a kingdom,
That's a trifle
For I would part with life, with any thing,
But only you. O, let me die with you!
Is that a hard request?
Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heaven can give.
Char. [*Aside.*] He melts! we conquer!
Cle. No, you shall go. Your int'rest calls you hence;
Yes, your dear int'rest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here. [*Takes his hand.*
Go; leave me, soldier,
(For you're no more a lover,) leave me dying;
Push me, all pale, and panting, from your bosom;
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, she's dead:
The soldiers shout: you then, perhaps, may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity;
Octavia chides, and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.
Ant. Dead! rather let me perish:
My life, my soul, my all! [*Embraces her.*
Eno. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honour, fame!
Ant. What, Enobarbus? It outweighs 'em all.
Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.
Eno. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?
Ant. Go! whither? Go from all that's excellent!
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,
That I should go from her who sets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods!
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe, to play withal,

This gew-gaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.
Cle. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy
That I shall do some wild extravagance,
And cause the plodders of our foolish world,
Who know not tenderness, to think me mad.
[*March. Exeunt* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.
Eno. O women! women! women! all the gods
Have not such power of doing good to man,
As you, of doing harm! [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS *and* AGRIPPA.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he did all this, and more.
In Alexandria—here's [*Shewing papers.*] the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself, in chains of gold,
Were publicly enthroned; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue, that their crime
Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her,
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
Mæc. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise:
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings.
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She,
In the habiliments of the goddess, Isis,
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported so.
Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar; and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle; then does he say he lent me
Some shipping, unrestored; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answered.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mæc. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Had not the adverse wind and raging seas
Prolong'd my voyage, and driven our labouring bark
Leagues from its course, I sooner had embraced you.
Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good, my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begged
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'twixt his love and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind;
Where say you he is now?
Oct. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, no, my most wrong'd sister: Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her; and they are levying
The kings o' the earth for war against me. Now,
E'en now, they head their force at Actium;
But they have found, I trust, to their confusion,
Our fleet and armies there, prepared to meet them.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched!
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other.
Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters so far check'd our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me.—You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort;—
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.
Oct. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you, now,
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Near Actium.—The Outskirts of ANTONY'S *Camp.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
And have command here, while we stay in Actium.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cle. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it? is it?

Cle. Is't not denounced 'gainst us? Why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said, in Rome,
You and your maids manage this war.

Cle. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will be in the action.

Eno. I have done.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Canidius, we will fight with them by sea.

Cle. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle in Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his 'vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress: In Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare, your's heavy:—No disgrace
Awaits you for refusing him by sea.

Ant. By sea, by sea!

Eno. Why, sir, you throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego

The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and peril,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight by sea.

Cle. I have sixty sail; Cæsar's none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping we will burn,
And, with the rest full manned, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar.—If we fail,
We then can do't by land.

Enter MESSENGER.

Thy business?

Mess. The enemy, my lord, is now descried.
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. There in person!
Well, to our ships:—this speed of Cæsar carries
Beyond belief.

Mess. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such detachments as
Beguiled all spies. [*Retires.*

Ant. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. Haste to thy charge. [*Exit* CANIDIUS.
So now on board—and cheerly!—Come, my Thetis!
[*To* CLEOP. *A martial flourish.*
Away! Away!
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, *and Followers.*

SCENE III.

The Country near Actium.

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his Land Army.*

Can. Halt! breathe awhile, ere we ascend the steep.——
Set we our squadrons upon yonder hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle;—from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Alarum from the sea.*
The fleets
Draw near each other; Roman strains of war,
With Egypt's timbrels mingling on the sea,
Proclaim immediate action.—To the heights;
Steadily, soldiers.—March! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Sea Shore—Open Sea beyond it.

A Grand Sea Fight; which ends in the defeat of ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

SCENE V.

Open Country near Actium.

Enter PHILO.

Philo. Lost! lost! all lost! I can behold no longer
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder;
Now, Enobarbus?

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Gods and goddesses!
The greater portion of the world is lost,
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Provinces, kingdoms!

Philo. How appears the fight?

Eno. On our side like the spotted pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribald hag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,
When 'vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather our's the elder,
Hoists sail, and flies:—and she, once being looft,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea wing, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the battle, and flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for *our* flight,

Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed!

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Philo. And thence, no doubt, to Egypt.

Can. Doubtless so.
To the all-conquering Cæsar I will render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding. [*Shouts.*

Eno. Hark! the enemy!
I'll follow yet the wounded chance of Antony,
Although my reason sits i' the wind against me.
[*Shouts again. Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Country, near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cæs. Where is the man whom Antony, when flying,
Sent from his fleet to shore?

Atten. Cæsar, he's here.
[*Ambassador from* ANTONY *advances.*

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was, of late, as petty to his ends
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To the vast ocean.

Cæs. Well;—declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes, he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,

He sues to breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens; this from him.
Next Cleopatra craves of thee her diadem:
For she now feels, if thou pursuest the fallen,
'Tis hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend.
Amb. Fortune attend thee!
Cæs. In thy course to Egypt,
A messenger of mine, to Cleopatra,
Must be thy fellow.—Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* AMBASSADOR.
Thyreus,—
Thyr. [*Advancing.*] My lord—
Cæs. Thou must sail with him, Thyreus.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
(From thine invention) offers. Try thy cunning;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Go quickly, then; and should thy vessel prove
A sluggard to the wind, I may set foot
On Afric's ground before thee. [*Exit* THYREUS.
Now, my friends,
We must, once more, embark to seek these runaways:
'Tis fit we take the lion we have driven
Into his last retreat. Therefore, for Egypt.
Strike,—and march on! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alexandria—The Interior of CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *with Attendants.*

Ant. This land of Egypt bids me tread no more on't.
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever;—I have one ship
Laden with gold:—take that, divide it;—fly,—
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly? not we!

Ant. I fled myself; and have instructed others
To run and shew their shoulders.

Atten. Sir, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Cle. O, my lord! my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after.

Cle. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost!—Now, kiss me, sweet!
Even this repays—Oh, I am full of lead.
Some wine there, and our viands. Thou wilt follow;
Wilt thou not, soon?—Oh! [*Exit.*

Enter a Male ATTENDANT.

Atten. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cle. What, no more ceremony!—See, my women,
They treat with negligence the rose, when blown,
That kneel'd unto the buds—Admit him, sir.

Enter THYREUS.

Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cle. None but friends; say on boldly.

Thyr. Thus then;—the most renown'd Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
(For soon his forces will set foot on Egypt)
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cle. On—right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cle. O!—

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cle. He is a god; and knows
What is most right.

Thyr. Shall I, then, say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud, the great,
The universal landlord.

Cle. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cle. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this. By deputation
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him I am prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
And from his all-obeying breath to hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cle. Your Cæsar's father, oft, [*Giving her hand.*
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lip on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. Why tarries thus my Cleopatra?—Ha?
Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Ant. Approach there: What, have you no ears?
I am

Enter ATTENDANTS.

Antony yet—Take hence this Jack, and whip him,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy; take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away. This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS *with* THYREUS.

Cle. O, is it come to this? Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you," be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!

Re-enter ATTENDANTS *with* THYREUS.

Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't! Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment; look thou say,
He makes me angry; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And, at this time, most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires,
Into the abyss of hell.
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cle. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cle. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cle. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cle. Ah, dear! if it be so,
From my cold heart let Heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar will soon sit down in Alexandria;
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Will nobly hold; our severed navy, too,
May knit again, our fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
When in the field I enter, and return
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cle. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night; call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls; once more,
Let's mock the midnight bell.
Cle. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We'll yet do well.
Cle. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so; we'll speak to them; to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet:—the next time I do fight,
I'll make Death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* LADIES.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Interior of CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ALEXAS *and* ENOBARBUS.

Alex. Yes; we shall fare but ill, now these same Romans
Have cross'd the seas, and sat down here before us,
In Alexandria.

Eno. Most scurvily.
Alex. [*Looking out.*] But who's that stranger? By his warlike port,
He's of no vulgar note.
Eno. Ha!—'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east;
Who first shew'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.
When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.
Alex. You seem to know him.
Eno. Ay;—I honour him.
A braver Roman never drew a sword.
Firm to his prince; but as a friend, not slave.
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours and morning counsels.
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,
Of an old true stampt Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes some good, I trust.—Withdraw,
We shall learn more, anon.
[*Exeunt* ENOBARBUS *and* ALEXAS.

Enter VENTIDIUS *and an* EGYPTIAN ATTENDANT.

Ven. Nay, tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arrived, to end her charms.
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone;
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your cowards' holy-day in temples.

Enter an OFFICER *of* ANTONY.

Off. The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.
Egyp. I dare not disobey him.
[*Exeunt* OFFICER *and* EGYPTIAN ATTENDANT.
Ven. Well, I dare;—
But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture.
[*Withdraws.*

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Ven. On my soul,
'Tis mournful; wond'rous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains.
Now, Antony, would'st thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune! thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.

Ven. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

[ANTONY *having thrown himself on the ground.*

Ant. Lie here, thou shadow of an emperor!
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: Now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it,)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.

Ven. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

[*Standing before him.*

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

Ven. Are you Antony?
I'm more like what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private; leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me?
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?
Ven. My emperor; the man I love next Heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and god-like.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me, then?
Ven. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not;—but I dare not leave you:
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Ven. Look, emperor, this is no common dew;
[*Weeping.*
I have not wept this forty years, but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
Ant. By Heaven he weeps! poor, good old man,
he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,
That caused 'em, full before me.
Ven. I'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father——
Ven. Emperor.
Ant. Emperor! why, that's the stile of victory;
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——

Ven. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
Ven. Out with it, give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame.
I lost a battle.
Ven. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it bravely;
But Antony——
Ven. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony,—well, thou wilt have it—like coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius:
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave;
I know thou camest prepared to rail.
Ven. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee. I have been a man, Ventidius.
Ven. Yes, and a brave one; but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.—
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years;
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me:
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced for ever.—'Pr'ythee, curse me.
Ven. No.
Ant. Why?
Ven. I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds.

Ant. I know thou would'st.
Ven. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ven. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Ven. You would be lost, then?
Ant. I am.
Ven. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause?—All's lost beyond repair;
I scorn the world, and think it not worth keeping.
Ven. Cæsar thinks not so;
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd; hold out your throat to Cæsar,
And so die tamely.
Ant. I can kill myself.
Ven. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us, now, to live;
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.
Ven. Up for your honour's sake! twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marshes to the Nile;
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces;
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em;
They'll sell their mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Ven. I said, on the banks o' the Nile.
Ant. Then, bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Ven. They will not come;

They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I'm besieged.
Ven. There's but one way shut up:—How came I hither?
Ant. I will not stir.
Ven. They would, perhaps, desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Ven. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was't they said?
Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave?
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: She deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Ven. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh! that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,
Without a stain to honour.
Ven. You may kill me;
You have done more already,—call'd me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Ven. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes;
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me to've led my conqu'ring eagles
To join with Cæsar's bands? I could have been

A traitor then; a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
Why did'st thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Ven. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used,
Nor durst another man have ventured it:
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eye,
Were sure the chief, and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature!
Ant. But Cleopatra—
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Ven. No more.
Ant. Thou darest not trust my passion, but thou may'st.
Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.
Ven. And will you leave this—
Ant. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire; all but honour.
But I will leave her.
Ven. That's my royal master!
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier:
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And, at the head of our old troop, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud—Come follow me!
Ven. O, now, I hear my emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all!
I'll thank you for th' exchange.
Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!
Ven. Again?
Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover

From all he holds most dear.
Ven. Methinks you breathe
Another soul: your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. O, thou hast fired me! my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me: once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;—
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.
Ven. Ye gods! ye gods!
For such another hour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Alexandria. CÆSAR'S *Camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA *and* PROCULEIUS.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and urge on the fight;
Our will is, Antony be ta'en alive;
Make it so known.
Agrip. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* AGRIPPA.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter an OFFICER.

Offi. Antony is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa.
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt. Shouts, flourishes,* &c.

SCENE III.

The Gates of Alexandria.

Flourish and Shouts from ANTONY'S *Party.*

Enter VENTIDIUS.

Ven. Ne'er, till this hour, fought I against my will
For Antony. Plague on his leave-taking!
I thought how her white arms would fold him in,
And mar my wholesome counsels. One hope still
Remains to part him from this.—[*Shouts.*]—So! he comes.

Enter ANTONY, *with his Forces.*

Ant. This day is ours;—bravely thou fought'st, Ventidius;
We have beat him to his camp.
Ven. True—against odds;
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
And all Ægyptians;—Cæsar has the world

All at his beck; nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps he makes.
Ant. Nay, nay, Ventidius,
No more on this theme, now.—Run one before,
To tell the queen of our approach.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
You have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as t'had been
Each man's like mine; Oh! you have shewn all Hectors.
Enter the city; clip your wives, your friends;
Tell them your feats; whilst they, with joyful tears,
Wash the concealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

O, thou day o'the world!
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants in triumph.
Cle. O, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare, uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cle. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.
Ven. I'll none on't;—no;
Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his faith.
Ant. Give me thy hand; [*To* CLEOPATRA,
Through Alexandria make a jovial march;

Bear our hack'd targets like the men that own them.
Had our great palace the capacity,
To camp this host, we all would drink carouses
To next day's fate, together. Trumpeters,
With brazen din rejoice the city's ear:
Make mingle with our rattling tambourines,
That Heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ven. (*Pulling* ANTONY *by the sleeve.*) Emperor!

Ant. 'Tis the old argument: I pr'ythee spare me.

Ven. But this one hearing, Emperor.

Ant. Let go
My robe, or by my father, Hercules,——

Ven. By Hercules's father, that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observed; attend me here,
And I'll return. [*Exit.*

Ven. I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin;
And, sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his faults,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. We *can* conquer.
They look on us at distance, and, like curs,
'Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off;
They lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.

Ven. 'Tis well; and he,
Who lost 'em, could have spared ten thousand more.
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms——

Ant. O, think not on't, Ventidius;
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace.
O, he's the coolest murderer; so stanch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.
Ven. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him?
Mæcenas or Agrippa might do much.
Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.
Ven. Fain would I find some other——
Ant. Thank thy love;
But wherefore drive me from myself, to search
For foreign aids? to hunt my memory
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends:
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome;
I scarce need tell his name;—'twas Dolabella.
Ven. He's now in Cæsar's camp.
Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I fear'd he loved her. When he departed
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.
Ven. It argues that he loved you more than her;
Else had he staid;—but he perceived you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend. I know he loves you.
Ant. I should have seen him then ere now.
Ven. Perhaps,
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.
Ant. Would he were here!
Ven. Would you believe he loved you?
I read your answer in your eyes, you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Cæsar's camp, with letters.
Ant. Let him appear.
Ven. I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit* VENTIDIUS; *and*

Re-enters immediately, with DOLABELLA.

Ant. 'Tis he himself, by holy friendship!
[*Runs to embrace him.*
Art thou return'd at last, my better half?
Come, give me all myself. Oh, Dolabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,
To worship my uprising?

Dol. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now, and what am I?

Ven. What you have made yourself. I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dol. Yes, when his end is so; I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love: The queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember,
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,
As accessary to thy brother's death?

Dol. Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the stern was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept time, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description:—She did lie
In her pavilion,

O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature:—On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Dol. No more—I will not hear it.

Ant. 'Twas Heaven, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.
Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
Did'st thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, "Oh! tell her not
That I accused her of my brother's death."

Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
But yet the loss was private that I made:
'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions:
I had no world to lose, or people's love.

Ant. This from a friend?

Ven. Yes, emperor, a true one.

Dol. A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
O, judge me not less kind because I chide:
To Cæsar I excuse you.

Ant. O ye gods!
Have I then lived to be excused to Cæsar!

Dol. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this he never shall be more.

Dol. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble?
Methinks thou should'st not bring 'em else: granting this,
What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable terms?
It was my Dolabella, or some god.

Dol. Nor I; nor yet Mæcenas, nor Agrippa:
They were your enemies; and I, a friend,
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman deed.
Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done: Shew me that person,
Who has preserved my life, my love, my honour;
Bring us but face to face.
Ven. That task is mine;
And, Heaven, thou know'st how pleasing!
[*Exit* VENTIDIUS.
Dol. You'll remember
To whom you stand obliged?
Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind; and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall give thanks too.
Dol. I fear she will not.
Ant. She shall, she shall: the queen, my Dolabella!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?
Dol. I would not see her lost.
Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better stars; for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her
At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?
Dol. Yes: there's my reason.

Re-enter VENTIDIUS *with* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Where? Octavia there? [*Starting back.*
Ven. What, is she poison to you? A disease?
Look on her, view her well.
Dol. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive her
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet her, embrace her, bid her welcome to you.
Your arms should open, even without your knowledge,
To clasp her in; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to her.

Ant. I stood amazed to think how she came hither.
Ven. I sent to her; I brought her in, unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.
Dol. Yet, are you cold?
Oct. Thus long I have attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?
Ant. Cæsar's sister.
Oct. That's unkind!
Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp;
But your Octavia, your much-injured wife,
Though banish'd from your bed, driven from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride.
I come to claim you as my own; to shew
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness:
Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
[*Taking his hand.*
Ven. Do, take it, thou deservest it.
Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.
Oct. Begg'd it, my lord?
Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress.
Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a king, shall I fall down,
And cry, *forgive* me, Cæsar?—No, that word
Would choke me up, and die upon my tongue.
Dol. You shall not need it.
Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me;
My friend, too! to receive some vile conditions.
My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;
And now I must become her branded slave.
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave.

Oct. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take: I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
Sir, you are free; free even from her you loath;
For, though my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours: I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconciled;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the East; I may be dropt at Athens;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Ven. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour?
Both scorn to be obliged.

Dol. O, she has touch'd him in the tend'rest part.
See how he reddens with despite, and shame,
To be outdone in generosity!

Ven. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
That fain would fall!

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your soul,
But cannot yield to what you have proposed;
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love;
But you do all for duty. You would free me;
And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?

Oct. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be obliged
To one who loves me not; who, to herself,
May call me thankless, and ungrateful man;
I'll not endure it; no.

Ven. I'm glad it pinches there.

Oct. Would you exult o'er poor Octavia's virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;

That you might think you owed me for your life,
And owed it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injured, and my haughty soul
Could brook but ill the man that slights my bed.
Ant. Therefore you love me not?
Oct. Therefore, my lord,
I *should* not love you.
Ant. Therefore you would leave me?
Oct. And therefore I *should* leave you,—if I *could.*
Ant. I am vanquish'd. Take me, Octavia;—
[*Embracing her.*
I've been a thriftless debtor to your love,
But all shall be amended.
Oct. O, blest hour!
Dol. Happy change!
Ven. My joy stops at my tongue;
But it has found two channels here, for one,
And bubbles out above.
Ant. [*To* OCTAVIA.] This is thy triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Even to thy brother's camp.
Oct. All there are yours.

Enter ALEXAS, *hastily.*

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—
Ant. 'Tis past!
Octavia, you shall stay this night; to-morrow,
Cæsar and we are one.
[*Exit, leading* OCTAVIA; DOLABELLA *follows.*
Ven. There's news for you; run, my officious pandar;
Be sure to be the first; haste forward: go—
Haste, my dear go-between!—haste! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Outside of the City of Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. 'Tis plain, Ventidius, Cæsar has dissembled;
He knows no honour, he!—and the conditions,
Sent by Octavia and Dolabella,
Were treacherously meant.
Ven. You please to think so.
Ant. Is it not clear?—He'll not withdraw his troops.
Ven. And thus the war continues.—I had hopes
To patch up peace.
Ant. Thou see'st it cannot be.
Ven. Well, well!
Ant. So cold! wilt *thou*, as numbers have,
When fortune is upon the wane, forsake me?
Ven. I shall forsake you when I die; not sooner.
Ant. My friend! [*Softened.*
Ven. Come, cheerly, general; your genius
O'er Cæsar's still may rise. For him you conquer'd;
Philippi knows it;—then you shared with him
That empire which your sword made all your own.
Ant. Fool that I was! upon my eagle's wing
I bore this wren, till I was tired of soaring,
And, now, he mounts above me.
Ven. We lose time.
The day advances.

Ant. We'll to yonder eminence:—
The preparation is, to-day, by sea;
We please them not by land.
Ven. The preparation
Is both for sea and land: On sea, I fear,
'Tis a frail venture, since your loss at Actium.
Ant. I would they fought in fire, or in the air!
We'd fight there too.—But, this it is, Ventidius:
Order for sea is given; and our best force
Is forth to man the gallies.—With our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Their naval movements we may best discover,
And look on their endeavours.—Follow me.
[*Exit* ANTONY.

Ven. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell,—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. To the last,
Though my brave general be fall'n to dotage,
My love, against my judgment, clings to him.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Interior of CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Shouts at a distance.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Cle. Hear'st thou how fares the battle?
Char. Antony

Now stands surveying our Egyptian gallies
Engaging Cæsar's fleet. [*Shout again.*
Cle. Now death, or conquest!
Iras. Have comfort, madam; 'twas a cheering shout.
[*Shouts repeated.*
Hark! they redouble it.
Cle. Good news, kind Heaven!

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. O, horror, horror!
Egypt has been;—our latest hour is come;
Time has unroll'd our glories to the last,
And, now, closed up the volume.
Cle. Say the worst.
Alex. Proud on the waves, your well-appointed fleet
Row'd forth to sea, and smooth the well-timed oars
Were dipt to meet the foe. Soon did they meet,
But not as foes! In brief, we saw their caps
On either side thrown up; Ægyptian gallies
(Received like *friends*) past through, and fell behind
The Roman rear; and, now, they all come forward,
And ride within the port.
Cle. Enough, Alexas;
I've heard my doom!—What says Mark Antony?
Where is he? Oh, he will be more enraged
Than Telamon for his shield!
Alex. You must avoid him.
He raves on you, and cries he is betray'd.
His fury shakes his fabric like an earthquake;
Heaving for vent, he bursts like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human.—Do not see him yet.
Cle. I must not.—Whither go?
Alex. Retire, awhile,
Within your monument:—meet not this tempest;
It will o'erblow.
Cle. Not till he hears I'm dead;—
Then would this gust of anger end in grief.
Alex. E'en that way turn it, then;—let me report

To Antony that you have slain yourself:
When undeceived, his joy will be so great,
He will forgive, if not forget, the ills
Our fleet hath wrought him.

Cle. Well, well, be it so. Away, Alexas!

[*Exit* ALEXAS.

And yet, 'tis not for fear that I avoid him:
I know him noble; when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life.
But I'll be justified, and then die with him.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA *and her Women.*

SCENE III.

Within the Town of Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. Gods! how this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd me!
Her fleet and Cæsar's mingle in the port,
And there, like long-lost friends, carouse together.
O, sun! thy up-rise shall I see no more;
Fortune and Antony part here, even here!——
All come to this! to this!

Ven. This Ægypt is
One universal traitor; and their queen
The spirit, and the extract, of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left a possibility?—
The least unmortgaged hope?—for, if there be,
Methinks I should not fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.

Ven. There are yet

(The remnant now fled with us from the hills)
Three legions left. If death be your *design*,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.
Ant. They're enough.
Ven. Now you shall see I love you:—not a word
Of chiding more: By my few hours of life,
I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you.
Ant. Who knows but yet we may——

Enter ALEXAS.

How now, Alexas?
Ven. He comes from Cleopatra;—from your ruin;
And looks a lie before he utters it.
Hence, villain, hence!
Ant. Away from me for ever!
No syllable to justify thy queen:
Let her begone; the blot of my renown,
And bane of all my hopes! Let her be driven
As far as man can think, from human commerce;
She'll poison to the centre!
Alex. Sir, be satisfied,
She'll ne'er molest you more;—she could not bear
To be accused by you; but shut herself
Within her monument: Her silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting:
At last, with dying looks——
Ant. My heart forebodes!——
Ven. All for the best: Go on.
Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
And ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plunged it within her breast. Go, bear my lord,
(Turning to me, she said,) my last farewell;
And ask him, if he yet suspect my faith:——
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt:—

She half pronounced your name with her last breath,
And half was lost with it.
Ant. And art thou dead?
Dead, Cleopatra! Oh, then what am I?
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt! Oh, my poor love!
Ven. Is't come to this? the gods have been too gracious;
And thus you thank 'em for't.
Ant. [*To* ALEXAS.] Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,
And see its inward mourning? get thee hence:——
Thou art not worthy to behold what, now,
Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
I will not fight; there's no more work for war;
The business of my angry hours is done.
Ven. Cæsar is at your gate.
Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome, now.
Ven. What lethargy has crept into your soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free myself from bondage.
Ven. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, Ventidius!
What should I fight for now? My Cleopatra,
Now thou art dead, let Cæsar take the world,—
An empty circle, since the jewel's gone
Which made it worth my strife.
Ven. Would you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I would be taken;
But as a Roman ought,—dead, my Ventidius.
Ven. I shall not outlive you. I could wish
We threw life from us with a better grace;
That, like two lions, taken in the toils,
We might, at least, thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters that enclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't;
Ventidius, you must live.
Ven. I must not, sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill tongues of men?
Ven. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?
Ant. Say, I command it.
Ven. If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves,
And need no living witness.
Ant. Thou hast loved me,
And fain I would reward thee; I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with Cæsar.
Ven. Did I think
You would have used me thus? that I should die
With a hard thought of you!
Ant. Forgive me, Roman:
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue.
I have thought better; do not twice deny me.
Ven. By heaven, I will not,
So it be not to outlive you.
Ant. Kill me first.
Ven. Give me your hand.
We shall soon meet again. Now, farewell, emperor—
[*Embraces.*
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
And, yet, I cannot look on you, and kill you:
Pray, turn your face.
Ant. I do: strike home, be sure.
Ven. Home as my sword will reach! [*Kills himself.*
Ant. O, thou mistakest:
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Ven. Think 'tis the first time that I e'er deceived you,
If that may plead my pardon. And, you gods,
Forgive me, oh, forgive! for I die perjured,
Rather than kill my friend. [*Dies.*

Ant. Farewell! Ever my leader, even in death!
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour. [*Falls on his Sword.*
Ah! not dead!
I've miss'd my heart—O, unperforming hand!
Thou never could'st have err'd in a worse time.
[*Noise without.*
Hark! I hear footsteps.——Oh, dispatch, dispatch me!

Enter PHILO, *with Soldiers.*

Philo. Whence are those groans! Ha,—'tis our general!

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends; make, make an end
Of what I have begun.

Philo. Not I!—nor any one.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where is Mark Antony?

Philo. [*Mournfully.*] Here, Diomed!

Dio. Oh, heavy sight! [*Sees* ANTONY.

Ant. Diomed, is it not?

Dio. I come, sir, from the queen; from Cleopatra.

Ant. When did she send?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Now! where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument:—for when she heard
You did suspect she had made terms with Cæsar,
(Which never will be found) and that your rage
Could not be sooth'd, she yielded to Alexas

Her hasty leave to tell you she was dead.
But, fearing since, how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late!

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard!—Come, your Lord calls.

Enter a GUARD.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides.
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

A Soldier. Woe, woe are we, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out!

Ant. Nay, my good fellows! please not our hard fate
To grace it with your sorrows. Yonder lies,
In death, the brave Ventidius:—Bear his corse
To burial;—and respect it as my own.—
And—life flows fast—Take me to Cleopatra!
[*Soldiers throng round, and support him.*
I've led you oft;—lead me, now, gallant friends,
And have my thanks for all!

[*Exit* MARK ANTONY, *supported by his guard and other soldiers, who bear away the body of* VENTIDIUS.

SCENE III.

A Street in Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, AGRIPPA, *and Soldiers.*

Cæs. How! fall'n upon his sword, and dying, say you?

Dol. 'Tis held for certain that he cannot live.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a spirit should
Convulse the frame of nature; this our globe
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to dens. In his name lay
A moiety of the world. O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this: I must, perforce,
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine.

Agr. Cæsar is touch'd.

Dol. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. Come hither, Dolabella;
Hie thee to Cleopatra; say to her
We purpose her no shame; give her what comfort
The quality of her passion shall require:
Lest, in her greatness, by some desperate act
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go.

[*Exit* DOLABELLA.

On, in our march, through Alexandria.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Interior of a Monument.

CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS, *discovered.*

Cle. O, sun! now quit the shining sphere thou movest in,
And leave the world in darkness. O, Mark Antony!

Enter ANTONY, *supported by the Guard.*

Help, help! [*Running to him.*
Ant. I'm dying, Cleopatra, dying!
But here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses, the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.
Cle. O, come, come, come! [*Embracing him.*
And die where thou hast lived.
Ant. One word, sweet:
Of Cæsar seek your honour and your safety.
Cle. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me;—
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cle. My resolution, and my hand, I'll trust;—
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change, now, at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes;
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly;—put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman,
Valiantly vanquish'd;—and——my spirit is going!
I can no more!—one kiss!—and——oh! [*Dies.*

Cle. The crown o' the earth doth melt! My lord!
my lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war!
The soldier's pride is fall'n; the odds are gone;
And there is nothing left of worth beneath
The visiting moon!
Char. O, quietness, dear lady!
[CLEOPATRA *faints.*
Iras. Oh, madam, madam!
Char. Leave us with the queen,
A while, good Diomed. Take the soldiers hence.
[*Exit* DIOMEDES, *with the Soldiers.*
Cle. [*Recovering.*] Ah me!—Is't Charmion there?
what, Iras, too?
Char. Dear royal empress!
Cle. Good now, come; take heart;
We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's
noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us.
Iras. Listen!—hark!—
Some one approaches.
Cle. Surprised!

Enter DOLABELLA.

E'en be it so.—Well, sir, you come from Cæsar.
Dol. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cle. What's thy name?
Dol. My name is Dolabella:—
Most noble queen, assuredly you know me?
Cle. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I understand not, madam.
Cle. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony:—
O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cle. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; Once, sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this:—Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You, with your children, will he send before:
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cle. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I, your servant.
Adieu, good queen! I must attend on Cæsar.
Cle. Farewell, and thanks! [*Exit* DOLABELLA.
Now, Charmion, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I.
Char. O, the good gods! and must we live to see it?
Cle. No, never, never, Charmion! thou rememberest,
This morn, a rural fellow brought me fruit;
And at the bottom of his basket lurk'd
The pretty worm of Nile, that kills, and pains not:
Bring me that basket. [*Exit* CHARMION.
Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath.

Enter CHARMION *with the basket.*

Char. Oh, madam! what is it you have resolved?
Cle. [*Taking the basket.*] Dull that thou art! I go to meet my love.

Ay, here's the aspick:—Husband, now I come!
[*Goes to a couch which she ascends; her women compose her on it.*
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmion! Iras, long farewell!
[*Kissing them.*
Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain! that I may say
The gods themselves do weep.
Come, mortal wretch, [*To the asp, applying it.*
Come, thou poor venomous fool!
Be angry and dispatch.
Char. O, eastern star!
Cle. Peace, peace!
I soon shall meet my noble Antony,
And meet his kiss, which 'tis my heaven to have.
Char. O, break! O, break my heart!
Cle. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O, Antony! [*Dies.*

Enter GUARD.

Guard. Where is the queen?
Approach, ho! All's not well.
What work is here! Charmion, is this well done?

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How now?
Way there! make way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR *and his Officers.*

Dol. O, sir! you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.
Cæsar. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of her death?
I do not see her blood; she looks like sleep;

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
1st Guard. [*Taking up the basket:*] These leaves have slime upon them;
Such as the aspick leaves upon the caves of Nile.
Cæsar. Most probable
That so she fell; for I have oft been told
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.
Now bear the bodies from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony;
Then we'll to Rome.—Come, Dolabella; see
High honour in this great solemnity.
[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Party.*

SCENE V.

A Street in Alexandria.

Enter PROCULEIUS, *with an Officer, and a Company of Soldiers.*

Pro. Halt. We must here abide till Dolabella
Arrive, to tell us how we may proceed
In the interment of Mark Antony;
Lo! in good time he comes.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Well met, my friends,——
If well we meet upon a cause so mournful.
Pro. Antony was your friend.
Dol. He was;—none, once,
So dear to me as Antony;—not Cæsar;

We were so closed within each other's bosoms,
The rivets were not found that join'd us fast.
War sunder'd us!—Oh, in his happier day,
His legs bestrid the ocean;—his rear'd arm
Crested the world;—his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, unto his friends;
But when he meant to quail, and strike the orb,
He was as rattling thunder.

Proc. How stands the order for our march?

Dol. E'en thus:——
Attend the ceremony, as to serve,
Rather than to command, its order.—They
Who served Mark Antony, e'en to the last,
The best will honour him.—Our Cæsar's troops
Must be subservient;—Antony's adherents
Must fix the order of procession, and
Admit us, or reject us, at their will.

Pro. I am instructed.

Dol. I shall go with you.

Pro. Now, soldiers, march!

[*Soldiers and their leaders march out.*

SCENE VI.

Alexandria.

A Grand Funeral Procession;

During which is sung the following

EPICEDIUM.

CHORUS.

Cold in death the hero lies;
Nerveless, now, the victor's arm;

Quench'd the light'ning of his eyes,
The foe to daunt, the fair to charm.
Mourn, soldiers, mourn! your day is done;
Valour has lost its cheering sun;
The Roman glory sets on Egypt's shore,
And great Mark Antony will rise no more.

SOLO.

Oh, comrades! many a time has he
Led us to glorious victory!
Then, blush not, friends, at drops that force
Down manhood's cheek their rugged course:
The tears that soldiers o'er their general shed,
Are brave men's tribute to a brave man dead.

TRIO, OR QUARTETTO.

A constant fire his courage glow'd;
A ceaseless stream his bounty flow'd.
If riches in the field of fame he reap'd,
The harvest was on love and friendship heap'd.

SOLO.

When Mars no longer battled on his side,
And Neptune, weary of his prowess grown,
Buoy'd him no more to conquest down the tide,
E'en then no sword subdued him but his own.
While Cleopatra's grave ye trim,
There her loved Antony inter;
For she her Egypt lost for him,
He half the world for her.

GRAND CHORUS.

No monument, till now, could boast a pair
So famed, yet, ah! so luckless in their doom;
Long will the doves of Venus murmur there,
And shouts of warriors thunder o'er the tomb.

THE END.

00046581

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 21 October, 2015